THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OLD SONGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. H. M.

Once more, dear friends, another song,
We'll make the rafters ring,
Sing sweet and clear, sing loud and long,
Forget the world and sing.

The songs thro' other days that rung,
To-night be yours and mine:
"We sing the songs our fathers sung
In days of auld lang syne."

Now let the joyful measures rise,
And hope's inspiring laya,
And let them echo to the skies
The songs of other days.

Hark! as the echoes fall around,
And dies the murmuring tone,
Unearthly voices catch the sound,
And mingle with our own.

What is there in that sacred psalm,
Thro' all the fleeting years,
That fills the soul with holy calm
And dims the eye with tears?

Voices of loved ones swell the strain
Who left us long ago:
They make divine the soft refrain,
So solemn, sad, and low.

Forms of the loved and saintly dead,
Although my earthly ear
May not discern your noiseless tread,
I know that ye are here.

When these sweet songs like incense rise
To happier homes above,
Ye swell the notes beyond the skies,
And join the songs ye love.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

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CHAPTER IX.

The siege was ended. The enemy had vanished like the morning mist, leaving no trace of their presence but the smouldering cabins of the settlement, with the exception of the single captive taken by the Delawares, and whom, without troubling myself more about him, I leave to the tender mercies of Colonel Wharton; and the settlers were free to go to work to restore their destroyed homes.

They went about it coolly enough, as men who were too much used to such little irregularities to mind them much, and for several days the woods resounded with the strokes of their axes and the crash of falling trees.

In a marvellously short time the people were all housed again, and matters went on in the old routine.

Kruger's and Schwartmann's men returned to their homes, Diahausa and his braves went back to their post at the forks where the French fort was erected, on the present site of the smoky town of Pittsburg, leaving their comrade, Wild-Cat, to follow when he should be sufficiently recovered; Eli and Morton, with Mose, returned to their cabin, where they found everything just as they had left it, excepting that the venison had got rather *high* in their absence; enough so, indeed, to have satisfied the most outrageous gourmand in London.

Colonel Wharton and Sexton had both urged Philip to remain at the block-house, but the desolate feeling, which made the sight of many faces painful, still held possession of him, and he steadily refused, much to the disgust of Mose, who had a high appreciation of the beauty of good thick walls between himself and an Indian arrow or bullet. And now, while all is quiet, I want to say a few words about this "Chasseur Noir," as the Indians had styled him; this man whose name made the tribes shake with fear, from the northern lakes to the Chesapeake. He had originally been a quiet enough settler on the frontier, doing a little farming and a good deal of hunting, which suited him better; rough and rugged on the outside, as all such men are, but good-hearted, much gentler in heart than in appearance or manners, as such men are very apt to be, disposed to wrong no one, and only asking room to hunt and do his little farming peaceably. He had a wife and such a flock of little responsibilities as frontiersmen are generally blessed with, and was living as happily as any one could ask.

But the "black ox" trod upon him at last, as it did in those wild days, long ago, upon many another man; one evening, coming in from the forest, loaded with game, instead of his wife's smile of welcome, none the less pleasant to him that the face it lighted up was brown with exposure and worn and hard with years of weary labor—instead of the shout of little voices, the rush of little feet and the holding out of little hands, eager to carry part of his load, he found a heap of ashes and charred, smouldering logs; and as he hurried forward, ah me! *they* were there, too; all, every one, hacked and mangled, lying among the logs, scorched and blackened by the fire upon which they had been thrown.

Great misfortunes like this have usually one of two effects upon the hearts on which they fall. They either break them utterly, or they harden them.

In every one of the latter sort there is a lurking devil, which may and often does sleep on through the man's life, giving evidence of its existence only by occasional uneasy stirrings and half awakenings, but which, once fairly roused, developes in him a capacity for evil whose infernal power and energy, as I once heard a clergyman say, "make conscience itself cower before it."

It was so with the desolate frontiersman; he did not faint, he did not reel back with horror; but with a strange calmness, his nerves all steel, he tenderly raised the poor mutilated bodies, one by one, from their ghastly bed, and buried them beneath the trees under which his children had been used to play on the long summer days. The terrible task completed, he quietly shouldered his rifle and strode off again into the forest a lonely man. He had come with a heart glowing under his rugged breast with all good and tender feeling, for the rough borderer loved those murdered ones with all the strength of his untamed nature, and the happiest hour in the day was when he returned at evening from the forest or the field and gathered them around him. He went forth an incarnate devil.

The marauding demons who had wrought all this mischief hurried back, chuckling at the bloody trick they had played the Saggenah, and exulting over the ghastly trophies dangling at their girdles.

But, from that hour, the retribution began; they had fairly roused the fiend, and he did his work thoroughly and remorselessly. The hunter in the chase, the warrior on the war path, the chief asleep in his wigwam, the medicine man preparing his charms to palsy the evil spirit that was abroad in the forest, were all struck down by some mysterious power that left no mark of his passing but the tell-tale knife stroke across the forehead.

Warriors told each other in subdued whispers of troops of spectres of vast size, stalking silently through the forest; of unearthly sounds of mocking laughter heard ringing in the still night air; and more wild and more wierd became the stories, growing as they passed from mouth to mouth and from tribe to tribe, until the rustle of the wind among the dry leaves, or the howl of a distant wolf, would make the warrior start in his uneasy sleep and unconsciously grasp his weapon, while the squaws shivered with terror and hugged their pappooses closely as they heard the sounds.

Such was Captain Jack, the "Injin-killer," the only name by which he was known to the whites, who with a band of rangers as desperate and reckless as himself, which he had gradually gathered around him, had come so opportunely to the relief of the besieged block-house.

For a time the country was quiet; Philip pursued his studies in wood-craft diligently, partly from the love of it, but more that he might *not* have time to think; for, thinking, he was apt to brood over his wrongs, and brooding over them had, he found, a tendency to call up dark and evil thoughts, which he saw, if allowed to gain a foothold, would soon master him. There was many a struggle between them and the better principles in which he had been carefully trained, but the good triumphed, and each victory left him stronger and better able to bear the cross which had been put upon him; he had learned, at his mother's knee, and carried not only in his brain, but in his inmost soul, the lesson of lessons; that which all the wisdom of man, all the intellect of Grecian philosophers, seeking with the whole heart and a single eye the purest and highest form of truth and goodness, had not been able to learn fully, but had only dim glimpses of it, obscured by the clouds of a purely earthly philosophy—the lesson of *forgiveness*. A lesson which men never learned in its pure and holy meaning, until the sweet voice whose words of love and peace have been stilling the evil passions of the world for more than eighteen hundred years, proclaimed from the Mount, "But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies; do good to them which hate you; bless them which curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

This was the lesson which Philip Morton had learned at his mother's knee, and which, now that he was a man, with all a man's stormy passions, chafed by treachery where he had trusted all, he remembered and profited by, better, I fear, than you or I would have done.

Well, Philip and his companions remained at their cabin. He and Eli did the hunting and fishing, while Mose, who mostly remained at home, did their cooking, &c., and took care of things generally in their absence.

Philip made frequent trips to the block-house, both to meet Sexton and to look after the wounded Delaware, "Wild-Cat," who was now gaining strength as fast as a generous diet could make blood to supply the place of that he had lost.

He felt deeply grateful to the Indian, for the latter had risked and nearly lost his life in his defence, with as pure a chivalry and generosity as ever were shown by belted knight to distressed lady. He wished, too, that he should see that white men could feel and show gratitude.

The Delaware, on his part, was quite as grateful to him, for he knew that Philip had saved his life by his presence of mind, and thus, insensibly, a strong attachment grew up between the uncivilized and the *decivilized* man.

Not that Eli was wanting in attention to him also, but his long border experience had made him regard all such things rather as matters of course, not calling for any special feeling, or demonstration of any, and besides, his much greater age precluded any such unison of feeling as existed between the two young men.

Mose's gratitude, which was as strong as anybody's, expended itself mainly in cooking, which he understood better than anything else, and he occupied a good deal of his spare time in concocting, and sending to the Delaware all manner of little messes, prepared upon principles of the highest civilization, and which, until Wild-Cat had regained strength enough to move about with something of his former activity, Sexton, after tasting them, invariably threw away, without, however, acquainting Mose with the fact.

By the time his patient was in a condition to enjoy these culinary marvels, the cold weather had set in in earnest, and our three men, having no fancy for camping out through a North American winter, had moved their traps to the block, where they regularly domiciled themselves.

The winter was sharp and severe; the snow lay deep over the country in ridgy drifts, through which the trees thrust their dark trunks, while their bare branches rustled and creaked overhead in the wind; the river was ice-bound, though dotted here and there with air-holes through which the imprisoned current came up to breathe.

There was but little to occupy the time or thoughts of most of those in the block-house; books were scarce, the whole stock consisting of a Bible belonging to Morton, a well bethumbed copy of Poor Will's Almanac two years old, a wornout volume of Robinson Crusoe, and two or three old works on military tactics and engineering, which though extremely useful, were not of the most enlivening character, particularly after they had been each read through some half-dozen times.

The men, when off duty, for Colonel Wharton was something of a martinet, and kept up rigidly the routine of discipline, amused themselves with setting traps for such small game as was to be found in the immediate neighborhood, playing matches at snow-ball in the open ground within the palisades, or occasionally a match at "golf" or as schoolboys now call it, "shinny," on the ice, in which all the men and boys in the settlement joined; every one indeed except the commandant, whose portliness would have prevented him, if the necessity of keeping up his dignity before his men had not, from taking part in any such extremely active muscular displays, and Eli, who said he was "a-gittin' too old an' stiff in the jints for sich rackettin' plays."

So he and the commandant contented themselves with looking on from the bank and seeing fair play, in which laudable occupation we will join them for once.

The two leaders, Adam the burly, armed with a huge knobbed hickory club, big enough for Giant Grim, on one side, and Philip Morton, lithe and active, leaning carelessly on a light springy "shinny," scientifically curved at the end, on the other, have chosen their partners, and the opposing forces are strung half way across the river, face to face, about ten feet apart, Philip near the shore, and Adam at the other end of the line, about the middle of the river.

A cap has been tossed into the air, "pot or ladle," that Dame Chance may decide fairly who shall have the "mount."

It comes down upon the ice on its edge and stands there. "Cock," squeals one of the boys, "try it again."

This time it comes down square, top up,—"ladle"—and Philip has the mount.

The ball is laid upon the smooth ice, and a quick whirling stroke of Philip's shinny, planted well under it, raises it from the ice and sends it hissing through the air on a level with the players' heads.

There is a scramble and a rush at it as it passes, a confused striking of clubs, some aiming to stop it, others to help it on, resulting in nothing but sundry falls, and sharp tingling of a good many fingers as the clubs strike sharply against each other, until it strikes the ice about half way down the line, near where Wild-Cat stands ready to help it on.

He catches it "on the bounce" and sends it flying diagonally, that is to say, "catty cornered," away down the river; and then ensues a headlong rush, enlivened by whoops and shouts and yells, over all which is heard the roar of Adam's big voice.

They reach the ball, helter-skelter, some in a sitting posture, some on hands and knees, some at full length, some with legs straddled apart and helplessly tripping each other up, sliding, plunging and rolling, in the vain effort to stop or turn themselves on the slippery surface (for I should have mentioned before that they had no skates) with Adam, now up, now down, bouncing, rolling and tumbling about in the thickest of the scuffle, like a sportive elephant, his huge club whirling round his head in a manner that soon cleared all other heads out of his way.

He is now over the ball, with room to strike; and shouting "Stan' clar thar, you fellers that hain't got cast-iron skulls," spreads his feet apart to steady himself, heaves up the club as if it was a sledge hammer, and—ah! me; well, disappointment is the lot, &c. The club comes down with all the force his brawny arms can give it, leaving a beautiful star on the ice where it strikes, and himself flat on his back beside it, amid a shout of uproarious laughter.

But where is the ball? As the blow was coming down, Wild-Cat, who was among the fallen, without attempting to rise, had rolled close behind, and thrusting his stick between the outstretched feet of Adam caught it in the bend, jerked it back into his hand and tossed it into the air where the clubs thrashed together again around it until it fell among the feet of the players, and the game went on with imminent peril to feet and ankles under which the ball would roll itself pertinaciously, in spite of their efforts to keep clear.

Provoked at his failure and by the laughter at the ludicrous figure he made, Adam scrambled to his feet with a countenance strongly indicative of a desire to smash somebody; but when he saw the Delaware, who had rolled out of the way just in time to save himself from being crushed by the "Buffalo's" fall, still lying on his back, laughing, his features lost their belligerent expression, and, contenting himself with shaking his fist at him, good-humoredly, and saying, "Ah, you slippery varmint, it was you, was it?" he plunged again headlong into the mêlée.

They were all together now, swaying hither and thither, the ball sometimes in the air, sometimes on the ice; Adam's tall form towering above the rest, his huge club pounding about with a most refreshing disregard of anything but its "own wild will," until the ball rose again into the air near him, when a blow from his broad palm sent far over the heads of all towards the shore.

There was another rush after it, and another promiscuous tumble as the crowd reached it; the same scuffle was repeated, until one of the boys succeeded in making it out from the feet and then "wiggling" it along as he ran, at last got a chance to give it a smart blow which sent it skimming along the ice to the point whence it had started, and the game was won.

The ball was taken to the other end of the line, mounted again, and the struggle was renewed, game after game, pretty much as I have described, and with varying success, though Philip's side scored rather more "home-ers" than Adam's, when they had finished.

CHAPTER X.

But the great event of the winter was the "turkey shoot" on the day before Christmas.

One of the settlers, Hans Spuytel, by name, on the authority of an old smoky Bible, which lay, rarely disturbed on a rude shelf in his cabin, and in the Family Record of which the name was written in full in loose, breezy, awfully spider-legged characters even for German manuscript, but, on the authority of every man, woman and child in the settlement, named "Schnappa," had fattened a splendid turkey for this special purpose, and as the day drew near had established a raffle, not directly for the fowl, but for the privilege of shooting at it, best shot to take it.

"Schnappa" kept a kind of little shop, containing a few groceries and nick-nacks, and a good deal of the liquor from which he took his name, and was a shrewd, cautious fellow, with a turn for making an honest penny, without being very particular as to how he did it.

As the hope of getting a fine turkey at very small cost to any one individual had strong charms for all and sundry, not to speak of the sport and excitement of the frolic, he had no difficulty in getting enough to take chances for the match, to pay him a dozen times over the value of the bird.

Moreover, when the settlers had first withdrawn to the block-house, he had contrived to shift the contents of his store to the same shelter, and had placed a goodly keg of liquor and his stock of groceries at the disposal of the commandant, and everybody was willing to do what he could to remunerate him for the sacrifice.

The eventful day came. There had been great scouring out of rifle-barrels, picking out of smooth flints, cutting and greasing of patches, nice adjustment of sights, and manipulating of bullets, to make them perfectly round and smooth, on the preceding afternoon, and by nine o'clock in the morning they were all assembled.

As musket-balls were as notorious then as now, for their exceedingly erratic and unreliable way of travelling after leaving the muzzle, it was understood that such of the soldiers as had taken chances should have the privilege of using rifles.

The unsuspecting turkey was placed at the distance of a hundred paces, carefully stepped off first by Eli and then by Adam (chosen by "Schnappa" because they had the longest legs,) and fastened behind a stump, so that nothing but his head and part of his neck could show above it when he thrust the former up to look around.

This made a small enough mark, even when stationary; but the bird did not keep his head stationary by any means. It was constantly bobbing up and down and twisting from side to side, in a way that required a very quick eye and ready hand to fairly "draw a bead" upon it.

Now came the question who was to have the first shot. This occasioned a good deal of discussion, each competitor knowing that there was, at anyrate, a possibility that the first shot might spoil the chances for all the rest.

There were almost too many to draw lots, and it was finally agreed that it should be left to the doctor.

"I should say," said Sexton, when the appeal was made to him, "I should say the fairest plan would be to let the poorest shot try first, the next poorest shot next, and so on; don't you think that would give all a better chance?"

"I never thunk o' that," said Adam, who acted as spokesman; "that 'ud be the very thing. Now, boys, who's the wust shot on the ground? One at a time."

Here was a question to ask a parcel of backwoodsmen! Not a man there but believed that if there was anything he *could* do, it was to shoot.

"Nobody, eh?" said Adam; "well, we can't all shoot at wunst; I reckon I'm poor enough to begin—"

"No you don't, old Buffler," said one of the settlers, "you're 'bout the best shot on the border, leastways, next to Eli yander; you're got to come *next* to last anyhow."

"Well, how'll we settle it?"

"Leave it to the doctor," said the man.

"If you leave it to me," said Sexton, smiling, "I should say that Uncle Mose here ought to have the first shot, and I the second. I don't know anybody here as little likely to win his dinner with a single ball."

"Agreed; all them's in fav'r Mose takin' fust shot please say aye; contr'y 'pinion no! Th' ayes have it," shouted the man, without stopping to take breath or waiting for anybody to vote. "Now, Mose, step out an' do your purtiest."

Thus adjured, Mose stepped forward to the place from which the shots were to be made, flung his old hat upon the snow, shook himself, turned up his coat sleeves, sprang his bow legs out and in two or three times,

"Now, gemp'n, who's gwine len' me a gun?"

A dozen rifles were thrust towards him, and after as much selection as though he were about to buy one, he at last made his choice, and squared himself for the work.

He had frequently observed Philip's rather precise method of handling a rifle, and supposing there must be something essential to success in it, he took his position with his feet close together, his left hand near the guard of the long heavy piece, with the muzzle drooping, slowly raised it to a horizontal position and pressed the trigger, but nothing came of it.

"Crickee!" squealed one of the boys who stood near, watching his motions curiously, "he hain't cocked it!" Sure enough; he had forgotten this very essential part of the performance.

This was soon remedied, and he made another demonstration. Still the rifle was silent.

"Well, I'm be durned," squealed the boy again, "ef he hain't a-pullin' the ha'r trigger, without sottin' it!"

The "ha'r trigger" alluded to by the boy was an extra trigger, so arranged by means of a small screw, as to be set by a slight pull of the hinder one to almost any degree of delicacy, so that the merest touch, almost a breath, would loose the catch on the "tumbler" within the lock and throw the latter into action; when not set, it does not act upon the lock at all.

"Look here, Mose, why don't you set the trigger?" said the man who had lent him the rifle.

"Kase I don' know how," said Mose; "how a body gwine set down on leetle ting like dat; reckon, if he sot down on de pint he don' stay dar long;" finishing his remark with that hiccup-y cackling laugh which it is impossible to express upon paper, but which any one who has been much among negroes will recognize.

The man gravely took the piece from his hands, clicked the hinder trigger and handed it back.

Mose took it, rather dubiously, examined the trigger knowingly, but without being able to see any change in their arrangement, and then squaring himself as before, placed the butt against his shoulder with a flourish, when his finger touched the trigger, and "crack!" went the rifle, sending its ball into the snow, about six feet in front of him, sitting bolt upright, as he had dropped in the sudden surprise and fright.

"Wha' de debbl'!" he exclaimed, "who tech off da' gun?"

"Come, Mose," said Sexton, "you've lost your shot; what made you touch the trigger before you were ready to fire?"

"Didn' tech nuffin, sa; spec' he done gone off hesef," answered Mose, sulkily; "t'aint fa'r t' make de ole nigger lose he shot wha' he paid fur dat-a-way."

"What do you say, gentlemen," said Sexton, "shall he have another trial? It seems to have been an accident—"

"No 't'want! 'T'want no accident," squealed

the observant youth before mentioned; "I seen him cotch holt of it, an'—

"Shet up your potato-trap, you noisy varmint," said the man who had previously awarded the first shot to Mose, giving at the same moment a swinging cuff at the boy, who dodged it and ran off crowing and kicking up his heels; "its agin' all rules, doctor, to 'low a shot to be tuk over; but if all hands is agreeable, a'posin' we let him have the last shot, if so be the turkey has his head on when it comes."

This was agreed to, and Sexton took his place with another borrowed gun. Considering that he had never fired a rifle half-a-dozen times in his life, he made a tolerable shot, his ball ploughing up the snow not more than six feet to the right of the stump.

"Well, doctor," said Colonel Wharton, "it must have required a good deal of skill to make Spelter's rifle send a ball so far from the mark. Why, Mose's is better than that, for he had the true line, though he made it a little long."

"I told you we were the two worst shots on the ground," said Sexton, laughing; "now for the next."

The shooting went on with varying success, some of the balls lodging in the stump, some just grazing its upper edge on either side of the bird's neck, and a few spinging past the head, so close as to make it twitch visibly.

Still none had touched it, until Adam took his turn. Raising his immensely long rifle, steadily and carefully he held it, until the turkey, emboldened by the silence, craned his head up to look about him. Adam fired, and the head disappeared.

There was a rush of all the boys to the stump, each eager to get hold of the decapitated victim first; but just as they reached the spot the head was poked up again for a moment, and was again withdrawn.

"Crickes!" exclaimed the "noisy varmint," loud enough to be heard by Adam, who was quietly waiting for his prize, "what a shot for old 'Buffler;' arter havin' the hull head to shoot at, he couldn't on'y jest cut off his wattle!"

Morton's turn came next. His shot was a fair one, but unsuccessful.

Then came Eli's turn. Taking his stand, he pitched his rifle up to his shoulder in his usual careless manner, though, when it rose to the level it became as steady and motionless as if held by an iron statue. Every one was watching breathlessly for the shot, and Eli's forefinger was just approaching the trigger, when he heard Mose's voice behind him saying plaintively,

"Golly! 'spec' Uncle Mose a'n't gwine git no turkey dis yer time. 'Twant fa'r gib um a gun whe' go off he sef, dat-a-way."

Eli quietly took down his rifle and turning to Mose said,

"Well, 't'warn't hardly fair for you to lose your chance, seein' you didn't know the trick of the lock; jist try agin with my piece, an' I'll take the last chance myself."

Mose took the gun with a scrape of his foot, a pull at his bushy top knot and a "tank 'ee, Mas'r Fliot," and after some instructions from Eli, as to the management of the triggers, took his stand.

The moment the bird's head appeared again above the stump, he swayed the muzzle up, and, certainly, without any particular aim, fired.

Another rush of the boys, and the "noisy varmint" was seen to pick up something from beside the stump, and turn two or three "flip-flaps" in the snow, after which, as a final ceremony, he stood upon his head on the stump and cracked his heels in the air in token of victory.

"Jehosephat!" exclaimed Adam; "if the old nigger hain't made the best shot, arter all! There comes that young imp with the turkey in one hand and the head in the other;" pointing to the boy who was, by this time galloping and prancing along, followed by the whole squad of youngsters, all whooping and yelling at the top of their voices.

"Hurrah for Uncle Mose! Best shot on the ground! Bet the Buffler!" &c.

Adam, standing with his feet spread apart like a Colossus, and his hands in his breeches pockets, bore the cheering with great equanimity, until his juvenile tormentor, the "noisy varmint," alias Frank Lightfoot, when formally designated, but informally known as "Weasel," chanced to come near him in one of his gyrations. Adam extracted one hand and made a sweeping "cuff" at the imp's ear, as he came within reach, but the latter, who always kept his eyes open for such favors, ducked down and pitched head foremost between the outspread legs of the Colossus, just saving his ear, at the expense of his raccoon-skin cap, which went flying.

"Confound the imp!" said Adam, "he's as quick as a loon; come here, you slippery vagabone: come here, I ain't a-goin' to hurt you."

The boy approached him warily. He was a slight-built, wiry fellow, about thirteen years of age, but with a much older-looking face, with a reckless, dare-devil expression in his keen, black eyes, and the features already too sharp and marked for his age, that gave very distinct promise of something more than common, should he ever have an opportunity to show what was in him.

"Come here," said Adam, more kindly, as he saw the boy hesitate; "come here, I ain't a-goin' to cuff you; I want to talk to you."

"Well, here I am, Buffler," said the boy, squaring himself before the man and looking up with his keen, wary eyes into the face towering above him; "what is it?"

"Why I'll tell you; you're about the smartest cub I've seen hereabouts, an' I reckon there's the makin' of a man in you, if somebody'd take you in hand an' bring you up proper. Who's your daddy?"

"Hain't got none, nor mammy nuther."

"Where do you live then?" inquired Adam.

"With Tom an' his wife."

"Who's Tom?"

"Tom? Why he's my brother; lives down in yan yander shanty by the run;" answered Frank.

"Down there, eh!" said Adam; "let me see; didn't he marry Sally Spelter? I reckon you git along right nice there, now; don't you?"

"Kind o'," said the boy; "Tom's good enough; but, lookee here;" he added, confidentially, "by the hokey! but she's a screamer; if she don't make Tom an' me stan' round, never mind!"

"Old folks dead, I reckon," said Adam.

"Yes; murdered!" said the boy, with a sharp, venomous emphasis on the word, accompanied by a savage gleam of the black eyes and a sudden darkening of the heavy, knitted brows beneath which they shone like live coals; it had a strange and ugly look in one so young.

"Murdered, did you say, my poor boy?" interposed Morton, who, with Eli, had been listening to the colloquy, "how did it happen?"

The boy's lips, which had been rigidly drawn back against his teeth, began to twitch convulsively, and, after answering, with visible effort to be what he thought manly.

"It was them bloody Chippawas," fairly broke down into a passionate fit of crying.

"Then that's another score agin the varmints;" interposed Eli; "I tell you, Master Philip, they're nothing at all but blasted critturs, on'y jest fit to be hunted and shot like wolves."

"Perhaps if we hunted after them less, and hunted with them more," said Philip, "we wouldn't find them such awful 'critturs.'"

"They hain't done you no harm yit; your knuckles went into the face o' that big fellow t'other night, all in fun an' good feelin', didn't they? I reckon if you ever git into his clutches, you'll find him an awful crittur enough."

"Well," said Philip, "that's over now; I'm glad I didn't kill him. But how were your parents murdered?" he inquired, turning to the boy, who had by this time recovered himself.

It was the old story. A lonely cabin in the woods, apart from any settlement; a midnight attack—the cabin on fire—the inmates rushing out into the jaws of death—two or three crashing hatchet strokes—a boy crouching through the livelong night in shivering terror beneath the bushes to which he had escaped unperceived—the morning dawning upon the charred logs and the bodies of the murdered parents. It was a sad story, but not a strange one, at least to any of the listeners but Philip and Sexton.

To them it was a new revelation. They had read and heard similar stories before; but it was at secondhand; it was a very different thing to hear it from the lips of an actor and sufferer in the tragedy; to see the eye glittering and flashing even while the voice was choking with the grief that was forcibly kept down.

There was something in the expression of the boy's face, as he told the story, so unlike anything belonging to his years, so reckless, and desperate, that the two young men looked at him almost with awe.

That one night had "aged" the soul of Frank Lightfoot, in some respects, fearfully.

Among the other boys, in their sports, he was still the wild, racketting youngster, the lithe, active, slippery "Weasel" they had nicknamed him, full of fun and frolic; but let anyone touch upon his one great sorrow, and the boy passed away, often through a passionate burst of crying, such as I have mentioned, and in his place stood a hard, pitiless man.

The border, in those days, was a poor soil in which to cultivate the gentler feelings of humanity, and the rifle and the knife, busily as they were kept at work, were not the best implements wherewith to plant them.

CHAPTER XI.

In the spring, as soon as the snow was sufficiently gone, Hans Spuytel, alias "Schnappe," started for Philadelphia, with pack-horses, on his annual trip to replenish his almost exhausted stock of dry-goods, groceries, and—schnappe; last in order but first in importance.

The horses were well laden, principally with peltries of various kinds, which he had taken in exchange for goods, and on which he usually contrived to make a clear profit of three or four hundred per cent.

He was also charged on these occasions with all the letters, &c., which had been accumulating through the winter, bringing back with him such as were lying in the Post-Office for Harris's Station.

There had been a rumor shortly before Schnapps started on his journey, brought by an Indian runner, of an intended expedition to take Fort Duquesne, the French post already mentioned, at the "big river forks," where Diahaues had been outlying previously to his appearance at the shanty of Eli and Philip; and Schnapps was instructed to procure all the information he could, and report, upon his return.

It was a work of a little more time to go from Harris's Station to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1755, than it is now, when a man may take his seat after breakfast, in a car considerably more roomy than many of the cabins in which a family would spend its lifetime, then, and without having to leave his seat, be in Philadelphia in four hours, in time for an early lunch, transact business involving a hundred times what all the property in our settlement was worth, take his seat again in the same car, and be at home again before bed-time.

We hardly realize what the "iron horse" pounding along on his iron road can do, as regards speed, without counting strength, except by contrasting our own times with the days of pack-horses.

It was a work of four or five days usually to reach the city, small enough then, though a story is on record that the wife of old John Harris once in some emergency rode a single horse through in a single day.

The road lay mostly through wilderness, much of it little better than a blind path, which traversed swamps, forded creeks and rivers, skirted precipitous mountain sides, from which the traveller looked down upon the tops of tall trees, among which a false step or a stumble of his horse might send him.

I don't know anything more *disagreeably* interesting, as a first experience, at least, than travelling along a mountain side at night, even on a good plank road, with a careful driver. To be sure, you have the solid wall of the mountain on one side, but on the other, within a few feet of the wheels, is—so far as you can see—nothing but an ocean of blackness, with here and there a dim, uncertain glimpse of the topmost spire of a pine tree peering up above the gloom, like the royal mast of a sunken ship. You cannot persuade yourself that if the wheel should go a little too near the edge, in case the horses should take fright, a liberty which you secretly think they would be entirely justified in taking, you would go sheer down, men, carriage and horses whirling over and over, crashing among the branches, down, down, down, till you bring up with a crash somewhere near the centre of the earth; and you find yourself, before you know it, convulsively clutching the seat, holding on like "grim death," to break your fall.

Your lantern sheds a dim, uncertain light, which rather bewilders than assists you, as you presently discover, by feeling your horses stop suddenly of their own accord; you get out cautiously to see what is the matter, and find them at a bend in the road where a small spur of the mountain shoots out, with the end of the tongue jammed against a post, and their noses pointing directly at the solid bank, (well for you they were not turned the other way), waiting patiently to see what is coming next.

You are astonished to find how plainly you can see when away from the lantern's well-meant but clumsy efforts to make your path clear, and you remember the good old lady's answer to Dr. Scott's inquiry what she thought of the Bible he had given her, enriched with his copious explanatory notes; "It was beautiful; and she understood every word of it—except the notes."

You extricate the carriage from its difficulty, and at last reach the end of your first stage, without any farther adventure, except once stopping the horses, just as they are about stepping over the parapet of a bridge into an abyss of a thousand feet deep or so, (which you discover on your return, by daylight, to be but seven or eight,) knock up the landlord, and turn in for a two hours' nap.

Up again and off before daylight, feeling your way, as before, and then you see the first gray of the dawn, creeping over the mighty mountain ridges off to the east. The huge black walls, looking like the ramparts of a world, soften in the growing light, and you begin to discern the masses of forest which cling to their sides. The gray warms into an opaline light, throwing the outline of the ridges into strong bold relief. Higher and wider it spreads, paling the blue sky above it to a delicate green, while the tree tops beneath it are warmed by a rosy flush which you look not *at*, as when the sun is setting, but *through*, away off towards the invisible Delectable Mountains.

The ragged mists are rolling along the mountain sides or creeping along their summits, now breaking away, now closing the gaps, heaving and surging like white foamy waves, while far below the valleys are still asleep.

The cool morning air braces every nerve and fibre, and you abandon yourself, body and soul, to the inexpressible glory around and above you, drinking it in at every pore, every nerve and fibre saturated with its essence, till somehow, you can't tell how, for you did not mark it, you suddenly discover that the sun is fairly up in the sky, and the day is begun again. That is my experience of

"Day on the mountain, the beautiful day."

I cannot say that it was Hans Spuytel's, for Hans was not given to dreaming, and I am.

Moreover Hans, having a high regard for his own neck, and not having a plank road to travel upon, always lay by at night, and never started in the morning until it was light enough for his horses to see where they were planting their feet on the rugged bridle path, which was the best substitute, in those days, for the plank road aforesaid.

But he scrambled on industriously, making from fifteen to twenty miles a day, until he reached the end of his journey, and found himself in the great city of Philadelphia, containing not less than seven or eight thousand people!

He made his way through the country, partly open common, partly wooded, passed the straggling outskirts, somewhere about Seventh street, and proceeding down the High street past Fourth, filed into the yard of the old Black Bear tavern, which then stood upon the south side of the street, and now, after having first modestly retired back as far as Commerce street, stands nowhere.

It was evening when he reached the inn, and he found the usual group of idlers around the fire, discussing the latest news.

This happened to be the arrival of a ship from "home," as all the Colonists still and for many a year afterwards filially designated England. The arrival of a ship was an event of some importance in those days, and it was never many hours after she reached the wharf before the nature and value of her cargo and the number, quality and names of her passengers were as well known to all the town, as if her manifest and invoice had been read aloud from the State House steps by Timothy Bell, the brazen-throated town crier.

The gentry, who were discussing the new arrival, were of course posted in all the above particulars, rather more correctly, perhaps, than usual, as they were getting their information from the second mate of the vessel in question, who occupied the post of honor in an arm chair, a new suit of clothes, and considerably the worse for the number of bumpers he had drunk in honor of the masterly way in which he had navigated the ship through a storm which he was describing.

The slight disturbance caused by the entrance of the new comer, who was known to most of those present, and making room for him at the fire having subsided, the narrator resumed:

"Wall, ye see, as I was a sayin' when this gentleman," with a ceremonious wave of his hand towards Schnapps, "came in, the skipper, he says to me, says he, 'Billy' he says—he always called me Billy, 'cause he sort o' respected me an' looked up to me, seein' I was an old sailor when he was nothin' but a squallin' brat—my name's William M. Bitts, Esquire, ye know, but he called me Billy, 'cause he liked me, and wanted some advice, d'ye see; so he says, says he, 'Billy,' he says—I'll say this for him, maties, for a man as come in through the cabin windows, an' never put his hand in a tar bucket, instead of comin' through the hawse holes an' workin' his way aft, in the reg'lar way, like some people I know, who'd ha' been in the cabin theirselves if they had their desarts, present company 'cepted, ye know,—for a man as come in through the cabin windows I say, he knows his place, an' knows how to treat his superiors in seamanship better nor any chap I ever seen—well, it was a-blowin like a typhoon, the sleet an' hail was whistlin' nearly straight athwart decks, the old barky was thrashin' along under storm stays'ls, with her lee scuppers three foot under water; I was at the wheel—it wasn't my trick there, but they wanted the best steersman on board at it then—an' the deck was so slippery I had to git a-straddle of it, 'cause I couldn't stand no other way—an' the skipper he came aft, clingin' to the weather rail 'till he got forninst the wheel, an' then let go an' come-slidin' down like a house-a-fire, 'till he fotched up agin my leg, an' most jerked the wheel out o' my hand a-tryin' to stop himself; as soon's he got right side up, he rested his hands on my shoulder an' yelled in my ear—if ye never heard a storm at sea, boys, ye don't know what noise is; the wind was bellowin' an' howlin' like forty thousand mad bulls fightin' with ten million wolves—an' he yelled in my ear, an' he says to me, says he, 'Billy,' he says—"

"Well, what the devil *did* he say?" interrupted one of the listeners. "What *did* he say? You're an awful time gettin' at it."

"Don't interrupt, shipmate," said William, Esquire, "'t'aint perlite to shove in your gab when your betters is tryin' to larn ye somethin' useful. Besides, you put me out; where was I? Oh! the skipper says to me, he says, says he—I could ha' seen the tears a-rollin' down his cheeks, if it hadn't been so bloody dark, I know, 'cause he sort o' choked an' his voice was low—"

"I thought you said, just now, he had to yell in your ear," coolly interrupted the same man who had spoken before, "I don't believe he said anything at all."

"Clap a stopper on that jaw o' yourn, you landlubber," roared Billy, in a rage, "or I'll larn ye better manners nor to doubt a gentleman's veracity—"

"I don't doubt *that* anyhow, after seein' you at supper," said the other, grinning.

Billy glanced irefully at the speaker; but half suspecting that there was some covert joke at his expense, in the remark, though he could not for the life of him see what it was, and feeling that he had floundered a little beyond his depth, in the effort to speak in dignified language, he dropped the discussion and resumed:

"Well, as I was a-sayin', the skipper says, says he, 'Billy,' he says, with the tears a-flowin' down his cheeks, 'I'm afeard we're in a bad box; there's that pint ahead'—ye know I told ye a while ago we was tryin' to claw off a lee shore—'there's that pint ahead not half a mile off, and here's the breakers not two cable lengths from the ship; can we round the pint? I trust entirely in your seamanship, Billy, to carry us through; if you can't do it, nobody can;' them was the very words, maties, an' I tell ye, it made me feel sort o' solemn to think I had the 'sponsibility o' savin' that ship an' all her crew, let lone a lot o' steerage passengers, though they warn't o' much 'count, and a nice old gentleman an' his wife an' two tender young gals, the purtiest I ever clapped these peepers on, that were the only cabin passengers we had. Howsumdever, I says, says I, we must git the main course on her, I says; she'll never tack under this sail, and if we touch that pint we'll all be down to Davy Jones's locker afore he can open the lid.

"'I know that, he says, says he, but if we get the mainsail on her in this wind, without splittin' it to ribbons, I'm afeard it'll blow her under afore we reach the pint—'

"'It don't make much difference, sir,' I says, says I—I was always 'spectful to him, ye see, 'cause he was the skipper—'whether we goes under here or yander; if she don't claw out o' this blessed bay soon, an' if the mainsail an' me at the hel'm don't claw her out, we're got to go down anyhow.'

"So we calls two more good hands to the wheel, an' gits the sail on her, jist as much as all hands, steerage passengers an' all, could do to bring the sheets home. 'Twould ha' done ye good to see how some o' them Dutch gals from the steerage hauled with the men. Even old Mr. Morton, the cabin passenger, laid hold an' pulled with a will."

Hans started at the name of Mr. Morton, and thought of Philip, but said nothing.

"When we had got all taut, I says to the skipper, says I, if you'll please order all hands to their stations to tack ship, sir, I says, an'll please give me the orders how to steer, arter I tells your honor how I mean to do—cause ye see, maties, I always makes it a pint to obey orders—"

"Which are, to go on board at once, and keep your lies for those who know you, sir," said a quiet gentlemanly-looking man, who had entered unperceived, and had been listening for some minutes to the foregoing veracious narrative of William, Esq.

There was an air about the last speaker, and an assured authority in his tone, quietly as he spoke, which showed that he meant to be obeyed.

William M. Bitts, Esquire, second mate of the ship, and sense keeper-in-general of the captain, wilted, instantly, under the calm, stern eye that was fastened upon him.

"I beg your honor's pardon," he stammered, considerably more sober than he had been five minutes before, "'t'wan't disrespectable I meant to be to your honor; I was only a spinnin' a small yarn to these good folks here—"

"You'll spin a rope-yarn around your throat one of these days and choke yourself in it," interrupted the captain, for such he was; "go on board now and sleep off your drunkenness; and hereafter oblige me by making some one else the subject of your yarns."

The mate got through the door rather expeditiously, the captain's eye following him until he had closed it.

This new comer, who had so effectually blunted the point of Billy's story, was a rather small man of some thirty years, spare but muscular, with a face originally dark, and now almost bronzed by exposure, large, clear hazel eyes, which were brought into stronger relief by the thin features they lighted up. His nose, almost as straight as the old Grecian type of that feature was small and delicate, with thin, sharply cut nostrils. His mouth was in a great measure concealed by a heavy drooping moustache, an ornament, at that time, considered as the distinctive badge of a "foreigner" as the English on both sides of the Atlantic complacently designated everybody but themselves.

If he were a foreigner, however, he spoke with a remarkable freedom from any foreign accent.

When the door had closed upon the discomfited yarn-spinner, the captain turned to the landlord and said,

"I was informed, a few minutes since, that a trader from the interior had come to your house. I would like to see him."

"Yes, sir," said the landlord, pointing to Hans, "there he is, sir; but sartinly, sir, you don't mean to talk dry, sir, this raw evening, sir; what shall it be, sir? whiskey or brandy, or port wine, sir, or punch, sir? I can recommend our punch, sir; got the best receipt for makin' it in the colonies, sir; try a glass of it, sir? do now, please;" and the jolly landlord smacked his lips and rubbed his hands gently.

"Thank you," said the other, "I never drink; but if these gentlemen will honor me, by emptying a bowl of it, for me, while I say a word to Mr.—"

"Schnapps," interrupted the landlord, seeing that he hesitated, "sartinly, sir, I'll make 'em a bowl that'll bring water to their eyes," and away he bustled into the bar to prepare it.

"I won't detain you long, Mr. Schnapps," said the captain.

"My name ain't Schnapps," said Hans, testily, "dat tam landlordt calls me so, 'caus' I gif 'm trink o' Schiedam von times, 'nt he nefer taste not'n like it pefore or since, 'nt I'm ter only man in ter colony 't'has it."

"Well," said the stranger, who had waited patiently till Hans was through, "may I ask what your name is?"

Hans told him, and he resumed,

"I understand, Mr. Spuytel, that you come from one of the posts on the Susquehanna."

"Yah, so," answered Hans; "Ich cooms from Harris's Station, 'bout hund'd mils off."

"Did you ever see or hear of a gentleman named Morton, either—"

"Vass he oder name?" interrupted Hans, eagerly.

"His name is Philip Morton; a young man of about five or six-and-twenty, fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes—"

"Dat ist him!" interrupted Hans again, "only his face brown like his hair now; he's been at der station, in de garrison, all winter; him an' old Eli Flint—"

"The very man!" exclaimed the captain.

"Dere's anod'r yong man, dere, de doctor; old friend of Mr. Morton's—"

"His name?"

"Vas ist dat name, now?" queried Hans, scratching his head, cogitatively; "vat you call der man dat ring de bell in der kirche, vat you call church, eh?"

"Sexton?" suggested the captain, inquiringly.

"Yah, Sext'n; lean man, dark face, black hair like you."

"The same; now, after you have had a glass of punch, I would like you to go with me and tell Mr. Morton's parents, who came over in the ship about him, and carry some letters for him and Dr. Sexton when you return home."

"Why, I've got some letters for dem, in my saddle bags, dat I vas goin' to put in de post-office to-morrow," said Hans, opening his eyes.

"Well, take your glass, and then we will go," said the captain.

In a few minutes more they were on their way to the house where the family were staying for the present, in Water street, then the aristocratic portion of the city.

The family were assembled in the parlor, anxiously awaiting the captain's return.

Mr. Morton arose as the two men entered, and looked anxiously first at the captain and then at the squatty, bow-legged little personage beside him, who stood, hat in hand, making a series of uncouth little bows to each one present.

The former, without waiting for any questions, exclaimed unceremoniously, "I bring you good news, Mr. Morton; this gentleman left your son and his friend, Dr. Sexton, who are together at a frontier station only five days ago."

There was a general upspringing, you may be sure; a general rush and shaking of hands, and a torrent of incoherent questions which waited no answer for some minutes.

When they had become a little more calm, Hans first produced his letters which were torn open greedily.

One of them contained another letter with a superscription in a different handwriting, which Mr. Morton handed to Carrie with a sly smile.

She blushed as she saw the handwriting, and slipped it hurriedly into her pocket.

After the other letters were read, Hans found himself fully employed, for the rest of the evening, in telling all he knew about Philip and Sexton; about the siege, and Eli and Storm-Cloud, not forgetting Adam Gordon, and how the siege had been raised by Captain Jack, of whom he told some most wonderful stories, all of which he believed, a good deal more devoutly than Jack himself would have done, could he have heard them.

By the time he had emptied his budget it was past the usual bed time of those primitive days, and he and the captain took their departure to their respective resting places.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Aroma of Coffee.

The berries of coffee, once roasted, lose every hour somewhat of their aroma, in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, which, owing to the porosity of the roasted berries, can easily penetrate. This pernicious change may best be avoided by strewing over the berries, when the roasting is completed, and while the vessel in which it has been done is still hot, some powdered white or brown sugar (half an ounce to one pound of coffee is sufficient). The sugar melts immediately, and by well shaking or turning the roaster quickly, it spreads over all the berries, and gives each one a fine glaze, impervious to the atmosphere. They have then a shining appearance, as though covered with a varnish, and they in consequence lose their smell entirely, which, however, returns in a high degree as soon as they are ground. After this operation they are to be shaken out rapidly from the roaster and spread on a cold plate of iron, so that they may cool as soon as possible. If the hot berries are allowed to remain heaped together they begin to sweat, and when the quantity is large the heating process by the influence of air increases to such a degree that at last they take fire spontaneously. The roasted and glazed berries should be kept in a dry place, because the covering of sugar attracts moisture. —*Baron Liebig in "Popular Science Review."*

Caution to Farmers.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives has passed a bill which is of interest to farmers and drovers, and which it is well that they should understand. It prohibits the sale of any cattle or sheep afflicted by the pleuro-pneumonia or other contagious or infectious disease, whether alive or dead, and also declares that any other disposition of them shall be illegal. So that it will appear that the farmer cannot either sell or give away his diseased animals, or slaughter them and turn the poisoned flesh into meat. Furthermore, cattle and sheep which have been diseased cannot be sold or disposed of for two months after they have perfectly recovered. A violation of this act renders the offender liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or to imprisonment not exceeding six months. Provision is also made in the act that cattle and sheep shall not be allowed to run at large in townships or boroughs where any contagious disease exists, and such animals as are found astray, contrary to this law, shall be liable to be sold for the payment of costs, in the same manner as cattle at large under former acts. The law will apply as well to the rinderpest as to the pleuro-pneumonia, and its terms and penalties are worthy of attention by our friends in the country.

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.—Some strange statistics of matrimonial life in Paris have just made their appearance. During the past twelve months 2,344 wives have fled the conjugal roof without leaving their future addresses; of husbands who have done likewise there are 4,427; of married couples legally separated (not divorced) there are 7,115; of ditto who have agreed to live apart, 5,340; of husbands and wives living at daggers drawn, 31,912; of happy couples, 43; of mutually indifferent 61,450.

☞ We have fallen on pestilential days. Cholera in the Orient, Italy and South France, Trichina in Germany, Rinderpest in Russia, Holland and England, whereunto the Sheep Plague is added—these are not all. Even the birds in Italy are dying by thousands of miasma, and a marine epidemic on the coast has made shrimps of the French oysters.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2,50
Two copies, "	4,00
Four copies, "	8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of **WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines**—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

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☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of TEN DOLLARS from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

MR. BENNETT'S NEXT STORY.

"The Phantom of the Forest," judging from numerous letters, appears to have given great satisfaction to our readers.

Mr. Bennett's next story will be one of the MEXICAN REVOLUTION. We hope to commence it before a very long period.

In the meantime, PHILIP MORTON will please those of our readers who are fond of adventure and daring deeds, while we have several stories of a different character, and which our lady readers especially will be sure to like, which are only waiting room for insertion.

For we do not like to encroach with our stories too much upon the general variety of the paper.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Midnight Wind." Words by Motherwell, music by W. E. Pond. "The Poor Fenian Boy." "My Darling," music by C. L. Ward. "The Grave of a Loved One," by D. W. Haley. All published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood-cut "Cloverbobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Head-dresses, patterns for Knitting, Crotchet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B. Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Bache, Mrs. Anne Sears Fiske, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

We would call the attention of our readers to a Concert to be given in a short time by Mr. Carl Gaertner, the composer and classical musician. The labors of this gentleman in the field of musical art in our city have been numerous and arduous, and we sincerely hope that upon this occasion he may meet with the success he merits. Those interested in the progress of classical music in Philadelphia are probably aware that Mr. Gaertner gave in 1859 our first public series of classical concerts, was the first to introduce classical Matinées, entertainments since become so fashionable, directed in the winter of 1864 and 1865 the twenty-five weekly Matinées of the "Classical Quintette Club," established Parlor Concerts as they are now given, which is upon the plan of the European Court Concerts, besides giving yearly at least one or two single Concerts. Through his endeavors the Sängerbund, of which he has had charge since 1858, has attained the rank of first German singing society in Philadelphia. Indeed, as a Conductor of orchestra, as well as chorus, he has remarkable power; he seems to send, as with an electric force, a portion of his own spirit and energy into each member of the body he leads. As a Composer and as a Violinist, Mr. Gaertner holds a high rank; his compositions are works of deep character and expression, and his mastery over the violin is wonderful. In fact, when listening to his performances, one is often led to wonder that from so small an instrument such full, rich and singing tones can be produced, and we can truly say that such soul-like utterances from the strings we have never heard. Of course, with his profound learning and deep love of his art, Mr. Gaertner cannot fail to be our first teacher both of vocal and instrumental music, especially as he possesses a remarkable facility of imparting his knowledge and a thorough acquaintance with the mechanism of the human voice. We would conclude by saying that those of our readers who avail themselves of the opportunity will have in the approaching Concert a rare musical treat.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD By WILLIAM NORTH, author of "The Usurer's Gift," &c. Published by T. B Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY. By HERBERT SPENCER. Vol. 1. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM. A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy, &c. By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

HONOR MAY. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

LEIGHTON COURT. A Country House Story. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of "Ravenshoe," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

INDIAN CORN; Its Value, Culture, and Uses. By EDWARD ENFIELD. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

ASPHODEL. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

HORSE TRAINING MADE EASY. By ROBERT JENNINGS, Veterinary Surgeon. Published by John E Potter & Co., 617 Sansom street, Phila.

CERISE: A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, author of "The Gladiators," &c. Published by Chapman & Hall, London, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE BORDER RIFLES. By GUSTAVE AIMARD. A Tale of the Texan War. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN. By FLORENCE MARRYATT, (Mrs. Rose Church.) Published by Loring, Boston, and Bentley, London. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

CHILI, THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN. Printed by S. Hallet, 60 Fulton St., New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, for April.

☞ A Connecticut deacon was attaching a very poor and feeble pair of oxen to a very large load of wood. A neighbor asked him how he expected to get so large a load to market with so poor a team. The deacon replied that he expected to have some assistance from Divine Providence. His neighbor asked him whether it would not be as well to dispense entirely with the oxen and *let Providence draw the whole load.*

☞ A French physiologist has discovered that in falling asleep the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head, and these last sooner than the muscles which support the back; and he illustrates this by the cases of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives the senses of hearing and sight sleep first, then the senses of taste, next smell, and lastly that of touch.

☞ Alluding to "false calves," a New York paper says: "We admit the false hair and teeth, the artificial bust, the whalebones, steel, and so on; but when it comes to fictitious 'understandings,' we cannot cotton to the idea with anything like equanimity."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CHILOE BIRDS—BIRD LAWS—FEATHERS WASTED—WEST COAST—BREEDING HAUNTS—THERE SHE BLOWS—MAD CAPS—LAY ME ON—A BULL FIGHT—WHOLESALE BAPTISM—WHALE KILLING.

There are few destructive carniverous animals to be found anywhere in Southern Chile, in the island of Chiloe none of any sort. While just across the narrow gulf, over in Patagonia, there are the grizzled black, maned wolves, something resembling those of Mexico, but larger and five times more ferocious, found in considerable numbers—foxes of two species, numerous, the white and brown, banded Yaguarundi—a ravenous, prowling variety of the Cougar, extends his territory far along the coast of the main land, almost to the Strait of Magellan, on the island not one of these objectionable, flesh-eating gentry is to be found. There is not even a mink, muskrat, weasel, or 'possum, and as the territory is equally exempt from the presence of kites, vultures, crows, and every sort of rapacious birds, except a bluish white owl with black head and red wings, who sings at night like a starling. Chiloe is the very paradise of poultry of all kinds, and young chickens, turkeys, ducks, and goslings, roam at pleasure, as far as they will without danger of being pounced upon and borne off in the teeth or talons of some hungry enemy.

Insectiverous birds, in many varieties, are numerous; and what is something singular, though there are several kinds quite as delicate in flesh as the best of our small game birds of North America, they are never wantonly murdered as with us. The Chiloan, man or boy, guilty of killing one of these insectiverous songsters, even upon a plea of hunger, would be forthwith placed under social ban, and obliged to expatiate the misdemeanor by penance in constructive sack cloth.

The Chiloans say: "Our beautiful birds are our best friends—singing sweetly to us, and saving us from millions of *biche** that would bite us to death were not they themselves bitten by the birds."

Here is a human streak of "South American Civilization," that our wanton North American bird murderers would do well to copy from.

Of the aquatic fowls, as swan, several varieties of ducks, with which the nooks and bays on both shores of the gulf of Guaieteca, abound at all seasons of the year, the islanders are not so sparing. Ducks and swans are slaughtered in vast numbers, not only for food, but in sheer wantonness, and heaps of plucked-off and thrown away feathers like young haystacks in size may be seen about every domicile within a league or more from the gulf shore the entire length of the island.

While at Chiloe, I many times wondered, and the wonder has since frequently recurred to me, why some enterprising commercial genius had never thought of establishing a feather trade, having its headquarters and chief source of supply somewhere on the eastern shore of Chiloe. The feathers of the swan, and two species of the ducks are equal to our best "live geese," and the supply gathered simply from those cast out to waste, would probably average three respectable cargoes a year, and the quantity could easily be doubled by making a business of hunting and plucking sea fowl. As feather beds are nowhere in use either in Chiloe or anywhere else in South America, there is no market for the material, and cargoes might be collected at a mere nominal cost.

The Pacific, or outer shore of the island is indented with numerous estuaries and land-locked bays, with beautiful sandy beaches, the resort at all seasons of seals, sea-lions, sea-elephants, and sea birds proper, in vast numbers, who come here to breed. Cow whales, of the sperm and fin-back species, also frequent these quiet, still nooks to bring forth their calves, and as the whole western shore is a nearly unbroken wilderness, and the entrance to almost all these inlets and bays too shallow and intricate for the navigation of large vessels these denizens of the deep and air are rarely disturbed in their haunts.

It is probably that the hunting of seals and sea-lions within the gulf of Guaieteca and in among the many islands dotting the coast to the southward might be made quite as lucrative as it is along the cold, forbidding southern coast of Terra del Fuego, from Cape Horn to the Strait of Le Maire and thence down the Atlantic shore to the Falklands. Certainly there is the material all along the west coast, in abundance, and as the weather is always better, and shelter everywhere convenient, it is not easy for one uninitiated to understand why there are never any New Londoners, seen or heard of on the coast to the westward of the *Horn*. Perhaps the sealers, sea-lion, and elephant hunters have reasons for not visiting the western coast of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, but I never found one yet who offered any only this:

"Oh, we're all strangers round there. Don't know anything about the West Coast."

No—and you are not very likely to, until you shall visit it, and get acquainted.

Providence, one day while we were the guests of our friends, the ex-whale killers, sent us an entertainment—a bit of nautical practice of a nature that the reader will probably be something surprised to find in a journal of South American Civilization.

It was an unusually sultry, breezeless day, and we were lazily lounging about under the trees on the lawn, which was a common one in front of the two mansions of our brother-in-law host, and running quite down to the shore with a slope that afforded a fine unobstructed view of the waters of the gulf for several leagues up and down the coast. It was nearly noon, and servants were serving an irregular out-door lunch, when suddenly a good many of us were started in end as if a bomb-shell had fallen among us.

"T-h-e-r-e—She—B-l-o-w-s! came the long drawnout, thrilling cry of Tom Hadley, Jr., from down towards the shore, and in an instant such of us as had ever seen harpoon or lance wielded in whaling warfare, were afoot and wild with excitement as the veteran war-horse waked by bugle's blare sounding the battle charge.

"Where? Where-away, my man?" eagerly shouted Tom Hadley, Sen., all his early enthusiasm and Pacific teachings flashing back upon him in a wink through twenty years and more of domestic, home life.

"Here away, my lads; off to starboard here—three miles in the offing!" responded Joe Backus the elder, answering for Tom Hadley, Jr. And sure enough—there they were—five great whales, three miles or so off the land, heading to the northward, and lazily rolling along down the coast. There might be more than five—we had learned from our friends that some times, at long intervals a whole school of whales would come driving down from the southward, going out to sea by the north passage. They had four whale boats, with harpoons, lances, lines, and oars in them, hauled up and housed, and already to launch upon any such occasion, and during the last fifteen years they had taken some twenty whales.

They were "sperm" out there, we knew that by the spout—a low, thick column of water blown from the spiracle into spray as white as snow. Some one said:—"Four cows with their calves and a big bull sperm," and Tom Hadley, Sr., sung out:—"Bear a hand, my lads! scud for the boats!" and scud we did, down the slope—not only lads, but lasses as well, hurry-scurry, and so nimbly did several petticoats of the party ply their running gear that they actually beat us in the race, and three of them—the inevitable Kate O Harra, Carlotta Espero, our Italian prima donna, and Senora Monteiro our little mad-cap Brazilera, tumbled first *men* into the nearest boat, and get them out again by argument or gentle means we could not, and so they were bundled out by main force, they kicking, floundering and fighting, calling us savages, and vowing they'd go a whaling in spite of us. And upon my word they did.

In the first boat afloat, the elder Backus was at the steering oar, Joe, Jr., at the bow, two nephews next, then a Chiloan half-breed, and by some chance that I have never satisfactorily figured out, I found myself at the "tub."

Tom Hadley, Sr., had the *oar* in the second boat, Cator was harpooner, then three young Backuses, and Dr. Bond at the "tub." No. 3 was steered by young Tom, with a younger brother for harpoonier, Senor Jose Monteiro pulling the "tub," and the three other thwarts filled with trained Chiloans. Then—Ah—as I live—there was the *fourth* boat afloat, and a *whaling* crew in her—Kate O'Harra at the *oar*, O'Harra himself on the harpoonier's seat, our Swedish botanist tugging at the "tub oar," the three other thwarts occupied by three of our cavaliers whom I had thought knew as little about a whale-boat as they did of watch-making. And in the stern sheets of the boat there were three of the wild mad-caps standing up, waving their *sombreroes* above their heads, cheering and calling out with all their might of lungs:—"Lay me—on—Pull and gain her—O, lay me on!" like veteran whale-killers. They had learned so much of the lingo from Cator and Cosmo, who had been spinning whaling yarns through a whole year gone by.

But there was a miracle at hand. As true as ever truth was told, in spite of the utmost we could do, laying back with all our might of muscle, springing our ashen blades like willow wands—in spite of all our outories of:—"Back—*back—you fools!*" Kate O'Harra's boat flashed past us all, drove headlong down upon "Big Bull"—the crazy petticoats still screaming:—"Lay me on!"—*Clip*—glanced the bows of the boat against Old Sperm's head, up leaped O'Harra—tossed aloft his iron, dropped his knee into the "lazy cleet," just as naturally as if he had struck a hundred whales, and "darted" with a vigor that sent the harpoon to the very socket in the monster's blubber.

That was bravely done; but just there, O'Harra was "played out" as a whale-killer. He had not learned the saving clause:—"*Stern All!*" Old Sperm lay perfectly quiet. He had not waked up yet. But our botanist set him very wide awake in ten seconds. The boat lay fairly alongside the huge fish, and tearing a lance from the beckets, Gustave Von Wiek drove the polished blade into the immense fish a foot abaft the fluke, to the wooden staff, and for a few seconds danced and churned with all his might. By sheer accident the professor had reached the monster's vitals, and with a mighty throe he made a sudden lunge in end, blowing out from his spiracle a column of blood that fell in a crimson deluge over the boat.

O'Harra, in his ignorance, knew nothing of handling the line—some one had made the end of the "short warp" fast to the forward thwart, it had not been cast off—the sudden surge in end of the whale took out the thirty fathoms in three seconds, and—*zip*—over went the boat in a wink, wetting out in a salt water bath the enthusiasm of the mad petticoats, and putting an end to their "Lay me on!" which they had kept up to the last moment.

Luckily our boat was but three lengths astern, and we were in five seconds hauling in the baptized beauties, every soul of them as cool and quiet as lambs, except Kate, who halfway in sung out:

"Hurrah! *First iron!*"

Young Tom fastened to a famous "cow," who went away with him towards Patagonia like a locomotive—Old Tom got up with Big Bull, and Cator got in another iron lovely, and in ten minutes the monster went into his flurry. In less than a quarter of an hour he was a dead whale. Directly we saw Young Tom's fish "flukes up," and righting and bailing out the capsized boat, we manned her, and all three went down to help Tom tow in his "cow." Having landed and secured her, two boats went to bring in the bull, while the wet ones took to the houses for dry gear, and the remainder of the crews, to the country in every direction to bring in a force to assist in "cutting in" and trying out the two big fish.

O'Harra, Kate, and the professor never quite got over bragging about their killing Big Bull, all declaring they would go down head on to "*Moby Dick*"—the white monster of the Pacific, any day, only give them a fair chance and longer line.

☞ CLOTHING.—It is a singular but well-authenticated fact that one can secure a great degree of bodily comfort, and oftentimes freedom from disease, by exercising judgment in selecting the color of the clothing. Fabrics of a dark color are notoriously more dangerous than light ones.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The chalk beds of Great Britain prove that the world must have existed more than one hundred and fifty million years.

☞ New Orleans papers tell of an old colored preacher at Port Gibson who recently baptized thirty colored converts and charged them a dollar a piece. On the following Sunday he only succeeded in inducing two to present themselves who were willing to pay. Becoming indignant at the parsimony of his congregation, he refused to baptize the two candidates, saying he warn't gwine to slosh hisself up for no two dollars of anybody's money.

* Colloquially—*Biche* is the popular name for all sorts of bugs, worms, and small reptiles, in South America.

Rents in New York.

The *New York Leader* gives the following as specimens of the advertisements in the New York papers. Rents seem to be a little high in Gotham just now:—

TO LET—From first of May next, a furnished Pig-Pen, elegantly located, at $300 per month, in advance. Address SHARP & Co., for three days.

TO LET—A nice Stable, in upper part of the city, with all modern improvements. Suitable for two or more families. Rent $3,000 per annum. A. J. FLEECEM, Box 240.

TO LET—A first-class family residence; fashionable location; fine view of duck-pond in front. House, one story high; brown front; ancient and modern improvements. Terms $600 a month for ten years. Apply No. 16 Murray Valley.

TO LET—The advertiser will let a beautifully located Ditch, near Central Park, with fine view of the Park at all times. Possession immediately. Rent, $2,500 a year. Tenant to do all repairs. Address LANDLORD, Post-Office.

TO LET—And Furniture for Sale—A beautifully small House in Mackerelville; located on hill, with deep and picturesque puddle beneath. Terms, $1,500 per year, and $10,000 worth of furniture must be purchased for cash. Address any house agent.

TO LET—On or before first of May—A delightful, comfortable, private residence. No gas; no water; no heater; no improvements; no yard; no front door; no roof; no anything. Rent, only $5,000. Very cheap. Please apply soon to U. R. SHODDY, Fifth Avenue.

FURNISHED HOUSE TO RENT—Furniture consists of one chair in parlor, one frying-pan in kitchen, one table in bedroom. Price $800 a month. Family going to Europe. For permits apply to D. O. SEIT, Astor Hotel.

TO LET FOR THE SUMMER—A first-class family residence, conveniently adjacent to eight tenement houses in case of cholera. This offers a fine opportunity for those wanting a home. Terms $250 a month, for three months, all in advance. Call at No. 1 Death's Alley.

AT GITEM'S OFFICE, Takemin Street, to Let, Dwelling Houses in abundance. Rents reasonable. Furnished Houses from $800 to $100,000 per month. Unfurnished, from $3,500 to $300,000 per year. Call at once.

A FIRST-CLASS FURNISHED HOUSE TO RENT for a few months; one of the most desirable residences, particularly adapted for a small family. Rent $11,000 a week, in advance. Apply to O. L. D. HUNKS. Wall street.

A SUIT OF ROOMS IN THE SUB-CELLAR, suitable for a genteel American family, to let at only $8,000 a year. Apply at once to GOUGEM, Division Street, as this is a rare opportunity.

A COMFORTABLY FURNISHED COAL-HOLE to let for six months from May 1. Rent moderate. None but those having the best references need apply. Fine chance for young housekeepers. Address U. SQUEEZEM, Station D, for one week.

A HANDSOME PARLOR FLOOR, unfurnished, to let to respectable permanent parties. House has no other floor. Fine house and location, commanding splendid view of interior arrangements of a gas factory and distillery. No. 269 North River.

TO THOSE TIRED OF BOARDING—A first-class attic to let; partially furnished; $750 a month. Address ATTICUS, LEADER Office.

A LARGE SECOND-STORY ROOM TO LET—Furnished with one stove-pipe. Rare chance for fashionable tenants. Rent only $12,000 a year, in advance. Apply to BUNGEM, Avenue A.

TO LET—To a reliable tenant, cheap, a magnificent closet in a first-class house, with all modern improvements. Nineteen other families in the house. Rent $90 a week. Apply at once to THINGUMBOB, Allen Street.

BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED ROOF TO LET to a first-class tenant; with privilege of getting behind chimney when it storms. Fine view of the city. Only $100 a week. Call on MRS. SCROUGEM, Madison Avenue.

☞ The late Professor Vince, one morning, (several trees having been blown down the night previous,) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with "How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this." "Yes," answered Vince, "it is a rare *mathematical wind.*" "Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other, "how so?" "Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many *roots.*"

☞ A gentleman at the opera, the other night, in sounding the praises of a new opera glass which he had just purchased, said, "Why, bless your soul, it brings the ladies on the opposite side of the house so near that I can smell the musk on their pocket-handkerchiefs, and hear the beating of their dear little hearts."

☞ A quadrille has just become the fashion in Paris whose figures are so intricate that it is dubbed "Trigonometry."

☞ A mineral new to science, found at Mt. Mica, in Paris, Me., has been named "Cookite," in honor of Prof. Cooke, of Harvard University.

☞ Within a few months Gen. Grant has received private gifts amounting to not less than $170,000.

☞ Two young Russian women are at present studying medicine at the University of Zurich, and show, it is stated, much aptitude for that profession.

☞ A wonderful machine for shearing sheep is among the novelties which has obtained a place in the Patent Office. It is the invention of an ingenious "Buckeye," and it is said to possess power and flexibility, so that when an individual specimen of the *ovis aries* is submitted to the action of the machine, he has no time to utter a cry, great or small, and before he knows what has happened to him he is thoroughly shorn.

☞ LIVING WITHOUT FOOD.—How long can a horse live without food? This question is decided by experiments recently made in France. It was ascertained, by cruel means, that a horse will live for twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water. He may live seventeen days without eating food or drinking. He can only live five days when consuming solid food without drinking. After taking solid aliment for the space of ten days, but with an insufficient quantity of drink, the stomach is worn out. The above facts show the importance of water in the sustenance of the horse. A horse which had been deprived of water for three days, drank eleven gallons in the space of three minutes.

ANTONY IN ARMS.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Lo, we are side by side!—One dark arm furls
  Around me like a serpent warm and bare;
The other, lifted 'mid a gleam of pearls,
  Holds a full golden goblet in the air:
Her face is shining through her cloudy curls
  With light that makes me drunken unaware,
And with my chin upon my breast I smile
Upon her, darkening all the while.

And through the chamber curtains, backward rolled
  By spicy winds that fan my fevered head,
I see a sandy flat slope yellow as gold
  To the brown banks of Nilus wrinkling red
In the slow sunset; and mine eyes behold
  The West, low down beyond the river's bed,
Grow sullen, ribbed by many a brazen bar,
Under the white smile of the Cyprian star.

A bitter Roman vision floateth black
  Before me, in my dizzy brain's despite;
The Roman armor brindles on my back,
  My swelling nostrils drink the fumes of fight:
But then, she smiles upon me!—and I lack
  The warrior will that frowns on lewd delight,
And, passionately proud and desolate,
I smile to answer to the joy I hate.

Joy coming unInvoked, asleep, awake,
  Makes sunshine on the grave of buried powers;
Oft-times I wholly loathe her for the sake
  Of manhood slipt away in easeful hours;
But from her lips mild words and kisses break,
  Till I am like a ruin mocked with flowers;
I think of Honor's face—then turn to hers—
Dark, like the splendid shame that she confers.

Lo, how her dark arm holds me!—I am bound
  By the soft touch of fingers light as leaves:
I drag my face aside, but at the sound
  Of her low voice I turn—and she perceives
The cloud of Rome upon my face—and round
  My neck she twines her odorous arms and grieves,
Shedding upon a heart as soft as they
Tears 'tis a hero's task to kiss away!

And then she loosens from me, trembling still
  Like a bright throbbing robe, and bids me "go!"
When pearly tears her drooping eyelids fill,
  And her swart beauty whitens into snow;
And lost to use of life and hope and will,
  I gaze upon her with a warrior's woe,
And turn, and watch her sidelong in annoy—
Then snatch her to me, flushed with shame and joy!

Once more, O Rome! I would be son of thine—
  This constant prayer my chained soul ever saith—
I thirst for honorable end—I pine
  Not thus to kiss away my mortal breath.
But comfort such as this may not be mine—
  I cannot even die a Roman death:
I seek a Roman's grave, a Roman's rest:
But, dying, I would die upon her breast!

An Adventure in Algiers.

Algiers is the finest of Africa, or rather not a portion of Africa, but a part of France, that has been created by the armies in times of peace as it has been conquered in war by the French arms.

Algiers is like Paris, of course, but in becoming French it has not lost all its oriental peculiarities, and in this it is as much more attractive than Paris as romance is than real life.

When I was ordered to remain in Algiers with my regiment coming from Marseilles, I came with most delightful anticipations.

I was a young lieutenant then, and my success with the fair sex in various garrison towns where I had been, gave me most brilliant ideas in regard to the adventures that would befall me in Algiers. Houris, with eyes like stars, enveloped in cachemire, covered with diamonds, living in palaces with fountains of rose-water and bowers of orange flowers rose before me. Indeed, the officers talked so much and so eagerly about the charms of the eastern women, their passion and their devotion, that I felt ready to risk my life to obtain a sight of one of these lovely creatures who haunted my dreams.

Now this was to be the romance of my life. The reality was already all arranged and settled in Europe—and to tell the truth, though my imagination was in Algiers, my heart was in France with the girl to whom I had been betrothed since my infancy. Like all Frenchmen, I knew that I could marry only the young lady who would be thought by my parents to be suited to me in station and fortune. I knew that only such a wife could suit me, and had not the slightest idea that my eastern romance would interfere with any of my engagements, not even with my love.

For I loved my betrothed, though I had not seen her since she was a child. The daughter of an old friend of my father's, she had been brought up by her mother in the strictest seclusion, and in my wandering, soldier's life, had not seen her for six years. But this was my last year's probation; at the close of the autumn I was to return to Marseilles; Cecile was to come with her mother beneath my father's roof and we were to be married.

Dear little Cecile; I had always treasured her memory as she appeared to me when last I had seen her—a sweet little girl with a short white dress, and the tiniest little feet imaginable, in red satin slippers.

It so happened that at one of the cafés I made the acquaintance of an intelligent and rich old Jew merchant, who, from the first, appeared to take extraordinary interest in me. He amused me with details of oriental life and manners; told me the legends of the country, and, in fact, seemed to be a living page from the Arabian Nights.

In return I told him all the circumstances of my life, all my military adventures, and even in a moment of extraordinary confidence went so far as to tell him all about Cecile and our future marriage. This was done rather to give him an idea of our European customs than with any idea of confiding in him. I scarcely felt the indelicacy of talking about Cecile, because he was so utterly a stranger to her.

I had been some weeks in Algiers watching anxiously for an adventure, when one day a note was put into my hand. It was highly perfumed, and tied instead of being sealed, with a gold thread. It was written in a most elegant hand and was in the purest French, and it bade me repair at nine o'clock to one of the mosques, where a most important revelation would be made to me. Here was an adventure at last. In the excitement of the moment I rushed to the Jew.

"What am I to do? What does this mean?"

"It means that you are a handsome dog, and that some of our lovely women have fallen in love with you."

"What am I to do?"

"Go to the rendezvous, of course."

"Will there be danger? Must I go armed?"

"It would be more prudent."

At nine o'clock, as the clock struck, some one touched me on the shoulder.

"You are exact—that is well"—and as I turned I beheld an old woman dressed in the costume of the country, standing near me.

"Are you Lieutenant Raoul Duchene?" said she, speaking in French, and with only a slight accent.

"Yes."

"You are lately from Marseilles?"

"Yes."

"You remember Cecile?"

"Cecile," I cried, "Cecile Valano?"

"'Tis she who has written to you!"

"Cecile, my betrothed; she is in Bordeaux with her mother."

"She was, but she is now here a slave in Algiers."

"But the letter is not in her writing?"

"Not as you knew her writing formerly."

"True, a slave—Cecile a slave! How did she know I was here?"

"She saw you from behind the grating of her window."

"Take me to her encloister!"

"Not until you have given me your word that you will save her."

"At the risk of my life; but how in heaven's name did she get here?"

"She will tell you all to-morrow when you meet."

"Let me see her to-night!"

"Impossible!"

"To-morrow, then. I shall not rest till then."

"To-morrow; but remember, silence—an indiscretion might ruin all!"

I was obliged to be satisfied, but my excitement was so great that I could not restrain it. I confided all to my friend the Jew."

"Be very prudent," said the Jew, "and remember that the French Government allows the natives the exercise of their religion, and the freedom of their own special trades. To interfere between a merchant and his slave would be dangerous."

I listened, of course, to no arguments; and at nine o'clock the next night was at the place the Arab woman had indicated. Cecile, my Cecile, the pure and gentle young girl in the power of a Mahomedan, it was horrible.

"Follow me," said the old woman, and we entered a low gate, and after various windings found ourselves in a white marble hall most brilliantly illuminated.

"Here is the danger. Once we can get through here into Cecile's apartment, we are safe."

We crossed the hall without impediment. We entered the apartment which seemed dim to me after the hall, but bright, indeed, all appeared, when from an inner room a lady advanced.

She wore the costume of the country, and the heavy silver veils with which the women are concealed in Algiers, fell over her.

In another instant she raised her veil, and I beheld the loveliest creature I had ever seen in my life—her large brilliant, yet melting eyes, fixed on me.

I threw myself at her feet.

"Do I then see you again?"

"Raoul," she replied, in a low soft voice; "have you not forgotten me? Do you not love me still?"

"Love you still! Never have you been out of my thoughts, but how are you here? Here and a slave! How did you leave your happy home? How did you come in this man's power?"

"Listen to me, Raoul, and you will see how naturally I fell into the toils three years ago. A young Arab was sent to Bordeaux to complete his education. He came to our house. He fell in love with me. A marriage between us was, of course, impossible, even had I not been betrothed to you. Hassan understood this, and seemed to have abandoned all the feelings of love he had entertained for me. A month since he announced to us his departure for his native country, and as a last proof of friendship, asked my mother to honor him with a visit on board the vessel that was to take him from us—a condescension he called it. My mother consented. We went, accompanied only by Hassan, who came to fetch us. It was easy to separate us, both curious as we were to see the various parts of the ship. When at last I tried to rejoin my mother, she was gone. What became of her I cannot tell you. All I know is that the vessel sailed, whilst I, all in a swoon at the feet of Hassan.

"When I recovered, he told me that he had determined that I should be his; he had sacrificed everything to obtain me. So I am here, and Providence has sent you to my assistance."

"This very night we will fly!"

"That cannot be. I should be missed, traced and again captured. No, Raoul, you must take me hence to a French vessel ready to sail that very night."

"But I cannot go with you. I dare not quit Algiers without leave of absence."

"I can reach Marseilles in safety. There I can await you. Only get me beyond the power of these horrible people."

I swore to free her—to obey her; she was so beautiful, so tender, so sad, that I would have dared anything for her deliverance. Each night, introduced by the Arab woman, I came to her. She was more lovely even than I had ever dreamed. She had grown into a different being from the one I had cherished in my heart; often, in our short interviews, did I refer to our early days, but the remembrance seemed too sad for her to hear the names of those we loved, her family—mine, all brought tears to her eyes.

There was an ineffable joy to me in these interviews, stolen and dangerous as they were, and but of a few minutes' duration; still I burned to free her from the power of this Hassan, even at the pain of not seeing her. I would have tried the French authorities, but what had I to prove the truth of my story or the identity of Cecile? Then the French authorities are chary of interference with the native customs; in fact, as Cecile said, our only safety lay in her secret flight. Hassan was away. Once Cecile had been in his power—he had made no efforts to force her love; he trusted to time, to absence from all other ties, and to his devotion, to ultimately obtain her love.

At the thought of this my heart beat with rage and terror. I resolved to delay no longer. Vessels were sailing every day to France, but I wanted not a vessel full of passengers, but some small merchant vessel, where none would know even of Cecile's presence.

At last it was found, and all was arranged. A European dress was procured and conveyed to Cecile, in which one night, without any interruption, she passed out of Hassan's palace the way I entered it.

We were in the street; I dared bring no conveyance; we had to walk with rapid steps down to the quay. On we rushed, when suddenly a man darted from one of the dark porticos and stood before us.

It was my friend the Jew.

"You are pursued," said he; "her flight is discovered. Trust her to me, here in my house. I can shield her—no one will suspect me. You can save her only thus, and only thus save yourself from the disgrace which as an officer will fall on you."

"Disgrace!" cried Cecile, starting from me; "take me, lead me anywhere. Raoul, fly."

"With me she is safe; come to-morrow, she will be ready."

"But she will miss the vessel—it sails to-night."

"There will be another then; but I hear steps approaching; fly."

The Jew and Cecile disappeared into one of the houses, and I, bewildered and deeply mortified, went slowly to my quarters.

The next day there was a great rumor in the town—the French authorities had been appealed to—a most daring robbery had been committed; one of the favorite slaves of the dethroned Dey had escaped from his palace with jewels of enormous value. She was a European, too; some dancing girl he had picked up from the French theatre in Algiers; she had sailed for France, it was supposed, but where and how, and who had been her accomplice, it was impossible to discover.

I heard this with indifference; and as soon as I deemed it safe proceeded, racked with anxiety, to the Jew's house.

I reached it, and on the threshold stood the Arab woman.

"Cecile," said I. She presented me with a note without speaking a word.

I tore it open:

"I am safe; you will not betray me, for if you do I will swear you are my accomplice. I have long been waiting this opportunity, and I thank you for helping me and the Dey's jewels off together. I was merely the Dey's slave—a Parisian with only only her beauty and her wits; now I am rich, and will pray for you, my gallant and credulous cavalier. You should not have confided your secrets and your love to the Jew; he is with me, and we will not forget you.

"CARMEN."

I stood as if turned to stone; I could not collect my thoughts. Cecile an impostor! no, not Cecile at all, and I the dupe and the accomplice of this bold, bad woman.

My first impulse was at all risks to denounce her—to tell the truth. But the fear of ridicule, the dread of disgrace at last restrained me, and made me consent to endure the terrible complicity.

Carmen was never found—nor were the jewels traced; probably she had sailed from France for America, and so evaded the police.

As for Cecile, six months later I found her by her mother, pure, fresh and innocent; and not until we had been married two years did I relate to her my adventure in Algiers.

Last Days of Charles Lamb.

It is sad to think that Lamb's later days were not of the calm and pleasant sort described by his friends. A great tenderness and delicacy, a friendly sensitiveness, has kept back from the account of Lamb's history much which concerned the horrid spectre which attended him all through his life. We are led to believe that in time that great and dreadful trouble had been softened for him, and had, as it were, faded out, and that the evening of his days had been calm and tranquil. This, at least, would be the impression, reading his closing at Edmonton. But it is said, and it is vouched for by good authority, that not long before he died, he and his sister had been placed at Enfield in a house called Bay Cottage, with a woman named Redford, who was accustomed to take care of deranged persons. It is said that both required restraint, and that the woman of the place treated them with cruelty, often locking up brother and sister together in a closet during some of their fits. There are those who recollect having seen Mary Lamb at a window, tearing up a feather bed, and scattering the feathers in the air. Fortunately friends found out this pitiable state of things, and Charles was removed in time to Edmonton, where he could die in peace. During that interval, his mind seemed to be filled with but one subject. It always reverted to Coleridge, and in the strangest way—even humorously. He would interrupt the conversation with an abrupt exclamation, "So Coleridge is gone!" On November 21st, five weeks only before he died, he asked to write something in a friend's album. "When I read the death of Coleridge," he wrote, "it was without grief. It seemed to me that he had long been on the confines of the next world—that he had a hunger for eternity. But since I feel how great a part he was to me, his great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. * * He was my fifteen years' old friend, without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seemed to love the house he died at more passionately than when he died. * * What was his mansion, is consecrated to me a chapel." A more pathetic chime to a departed friend was never sounded. He seemed never to recover the blow.—*W. P. Fitzgerald.*

To Determine Where Water Is.

A gentleman related his experience in this matter. An Irishman in his employment, in order to ascertain where he ought to dig to obtain water soonest, got a stone and buried it over night in the ground, next to the hard pan. In the morning he found it quite moist, but not sufficiently so to suit his fancy. Next night he tried it in another spot, and it was found very wet on the following morning. "There," said Patrick, "you will find water not many feet deep, and plenty of it." Sure enough, in a few days' digging, Patrick confirmed his prediction, notwithstanding the jeers of the workmen, finding a vein which filled the well to overflowing, and rendered it exceedingly difficult to bail out the water so as to stone it. The philosophy of the operation seems to be that as the great evaporation takes place from the surface of the earth during the night, water rises up from the depths below to supply the loss, and accumulates in the vicinity of the stone, often making quite a puddle.—*Am. Inst. Farmer's Club.*

Hints to Ladies.

A solid matron of the old school gives the following advice:—It is most important, when a girl is learning to work, that great care should be taken with her to prevent her from acquiring bad habits; such habits, I mean, as clicking her needle with her thimble, pinning her work to her knee, biting the end of her thread, and sticking her needle into the front of her dress. These habits once gained will probably stick to her all her life, and she will find the greatest difficulty in overcoming them. It is therefore advisable that she should be taught to work by her mother, rather than left to the instruction of servants.

A ladylike manner of working is essential, and should be carefully cultivated, for work may be executed both neatly and rapidly without the acquirement of any of these vulgar peculiarities. A great point to be learned connected with plain work, and one that I consider indispensable, is the art of cutting out accurately and without waste of material. Far too little importance is attached to that branch of work, and many women go to their graves without acquiring it, having been dependent all their lives upon their servants or some kind friend for having their work cut out and placed for them. When this is the case, ladies are apt to be too much under the thumb of their ladies' maids or nurses, who are not slow to profit by their own superior knowledge, and domineer over their mistresses accordingly.

Where there are a number of the same articles of clothing to be made, it is advisable to cut out one garment first, being careful to take the pattern in paper, and to complete it before cutting out the rest of the material. By this means an opinion can be formed as to whether it fits properly, and any necessary alterations may be made. The other articles may then be cut out all together, care being taken to pin the separate parts together, to avoid their being mislaid or any mistakes made. It is no doubt essential that sewing should be neatly done, but I think this need not be achieved at the entire expense of all rapidity of execution.

It is really perfectly ludicrous to see some women at their work. They look at each stitch when completed, and give it a little approving pat with the top of the thimble; and at this rate, though the neatness of the work may be undeniable, still so little is accomplished that it is hardly worth the trouble of doing it at all. Method in plain work is also highly necessary, and much time and labor may be spared by keeping all the materials in their proper places. If every article, when done with, is put away carefully, it is sure to be forthcoming when again required. Thus, there is no time wasted in searching for a missing reel of cotton, or hunting up a pair of scissors. The cleanliness of the work is also thereby kept unimpaired.

Hydrophobia.

A recent writer asserts that this term has been erroneously applied to the disease arising from the bite of a rabid animal. He says that many instances are recorded of mad dogs not only drinking freely of water and other fluids, but actually swimming across rivers; while, on the other hand, the horror of water has attended maladies totally unconnected with rabid injuries. Though as a general rule rabid animals avoid the water, Dr. James relates the case of a mad dog that drank both milk and water, and swam through a pond. Similar cases are recorded of mankind.

Hydrophobia is said to be less common in hot regions than in those of a more moderate temperature. Good authorities state that it is unknown in the West Indies, and rarely observed in South America. In Egypt and Syria it has never been seen. Mr. Barrow informs us that at the Cape of Good Hope, and among the Caffirs, their dogs are exempt from the malady, although constantly fed upon putrid meat.

Of the causes of this disease physicians are still in ignorance. No instances are on record where the distemper could be traced to long-continued thirst, the use of putrid food, or sultry weather. The streets of Lisbon are crowded with dogs, feeding upon disgusting offal, under a burning sky, yet rabies is scarcely ever observed among them. It is more probable that certain mental emotions, such as anger and fear, have a peculiar influence on the animal. All the aggregate symptoms of the disease show that the nervous system is disturbed.

Many cases of hydrophobia are recorded which are entirely disconnected with rabid bites. Violent passions in both men and animals seem to impart a peculiar acrimony to the saliva. Medical writers mention fatal cases after the bite of a man in a fit of passion. One author gives two fatal cases of the bite of a hen and a goose; another has an instance of epilepsy produced by the bite of a horse.

A peculiar predisposition renders some individuals more subject to the accidents that follow the bite of rabid animals than others. Mr. Hunter gives an instance in which, out of twenty persons who were bitten by the same dog, only one received the disease. It is evident, however, that the virus may linger in the system for a long period; so that a person once bitten, regardless of the remedies applied, lives in a terrible agony of suspense.

No malady has been submitted to more curious and fearful modes of treatment than hydrophobia. Fire, water, spirit and caustics have been used; successfully sometimes, but more frequently without any benefit. Much depends upon the temperament of the patient. The imagination has worked wonders. A report prevailed in Paris, several years since, that a mixture used in one of the hospitals would effectually prevent the hydrophobia. Six applicants, all of whom had been bitten by a rabid dog, applied for this potent remedy, and were served with a draught of *colored water*. In neither instance did the disease make its appearance.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—A German paper publishes an anecdote of President Lincoln, which has not been in print in this country. A lieutenant, whom debts compelled to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to the late President Lincoln, and, by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured with his success, that he deemed it a duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. "Oh, never mind that," said Mr. Lincoln, "you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."

☞ Among the patents recently secured in London, is one for a ladies' "hair parter."

SONG.

It is May, and the moon leans down all night
  Over a blossomy land,
By her window sits the lady white,
  With her chin upon her hand.

O, sing to me, dear nightingale,
  The song of a year ago;
I have had enough of longing and wail,
  Enough of heart-break and woe.

O, glimmer on me, my apple-tree,
  Like living flakes of snow;
Let odor, and moonlight, and melody,
  In the old, rich harmony flow.

* * * * *

She listened and sate, till night grew late,
  Bound by a weary spell.
Then a face came in at the garden gate,
  And a wondrous thing befell.

Up rose the joy as well as the love
  In the song, in the scent, in the show!
The moon grew glad in the sky above,
  The blossom grew rosy below.

The blossom, the moon, the scent, and the tune,
  In ecstasy rise and fall,
But they had no thanks for the granted boon,
  For the lady forgot them all.

HOW WORLDS ARE MADE.

As Some Philosophers Suppose.

There is nothing to distinguish our sun from the multitudinous stars which shine in the firmament. Astronomers readily admit that the sun is a star of middling magnitude, emitting light which is nearly white, with a very slightly marked character of periodical variability. We are, therefore, in the presence of a phenomenon which is undoubtedly of great importance to us, but which is at the same time extremely common in the stellar universe. Starting, therefore, with the simplest and most general ideas, and the most applicable to the aggregate of stars, we have the successive union of matter in vast masses, under the empire of attraction, out of the material primitively disseminated throughout space. The star is in a state of nebula; but at length a cooling takes place at the surface; the disunited elements gradually acquire the power of approaching each other, and chemical affinities are developed. The particles thus formed, acted on by gravity, will descend toward the lower strata, where, meeting with the temperature of dissociation, they will be sent up again as masses of gas. There are thus produced vertical movements of reciprocal exchange, which incessantly renew the emission of heat and light. At the outer circumference will be formed the apparent limit of the sun. The vertical currents which agitate the mass easily explain the appearance of the spot. Whenever the ascending currents find an outlet, they open a sort of vista into the interior, which appears to the eye comparatively black, in consequence of its lower radiating power.

Father Secchi ascertained, by means of thermo-electric measurements, that the central portion of the spots on the sun is less hot than the superficial region. It would appear then that a star passes through several perfectly distinct phases. The first is the nebulous condition, in which our sun no longer remains. In the second phase, the strata are sufficiently cooled to allow the play of certain molecular affinities to be possible. There is then formed a sort of superficial laboratory which determines the apparent outlines of the star. The emission of light and heat is considerable, and is maintained at the expense of the entire mass, by the action of ascending and descending currents which are established between the deep strata and surface. This phase lasts for an immense lapse of time, and presents great fixity in its phenomena. Our sun is now passing through this very phase. The vertical currents in this mass suffice to account for every appearance hitherto observed. The third phase arrives when, in consequence of cooling, the vertical movement begins to slacken; when, the entire mass gradually contracting, the luminous surface little by little acquires a liquid, a pasty, and finally a solid consistence. From this condition the sun is still far distant. By continued cooling, at last come the phenomena of definite extinction. Although the interior may be incandescent, the exterior is covered with an opaque, cool and habitable crust. This is the geological phase.

Examples are recorded in history. The seventh annual star of the Pleiades, after languishing for centuries, went out at the fall of Troy. Hevelius, a celebrated German astronomer, mentions five stars whose expiring rays he had the glory and sorrow to catch in his telescope. Herschel, after ascertaining the disappearance of a notable number of stars, by the comparison of ancient with recent catalogues, had also the honor of being present at a star's last moments, and of registering its decease. It was the fiftieth of Hercules. For some time past he had observed it growing paler; it then turned red, and after flickering some dozen years, it yielded up its flame, and disappeared forever in the shades of night. The 24th of March, 1791, was the date on which the great astronomer entered this remarkable phenomenon in his journal. The earth and the moon, we are told, offer examples of this successive evolution. Evidently, the earth was once a veritable sun for the moon, whose mass is very much smaller, and was naturally the first to cool. Then the earth, in her turn, after passing through the very same phases as our actual sun, at last acquired a crust and became entirely solid at the surface. After a considerable lapse of time organic life became manifested. The same transitions have been passed through by the moon, only much more rapidly. It is probable that life was developed in the moon when it had scarcely yet appeared on earth. We are informed that the moon represents the earth's future, the sun her past. We are behindhand with our satellite, and very much in advance of our sun. And thus worlds have their distinct ages and their corresponding conditions of life. Each star passes through its successive transformations in the eternal harmony of the universe.

☞ Lord Chesterfield once remarked that even Adam, the first man, knew the value of politeness, and allowed Eve to have the first bite at the apple.

☞ A desperate punster writes us to ask whether when a man has been kicked, he ought to consider himself as having been "V-toe-d."

REMEMBER ME.

Old, old words! since friends have parted,
Since the earth has mourned its dead,
Tearful-eyed and heavy-hearted
Have these simple words been said,
In the anguish of farewell,
Binding memory with a spell,
Remember me.

Words that meet us at life's turnings,
When its courses bend apart,
Uttering the inborn yearnings
Hid in every human heart.
"O remember!" in that cry,
Gathering up its agony—
Remember me.

Words so often breathed at parting,
Friendship's dearest, last request,
Spoken with the tear-drops starting,
Hopes and fears within the breast.
Love's last language, with white lips
Spoken in the death-eclipse—
Remember me.

Though with chill of mortal sighing,
Not with weak despair of earth,
Proving by its hope undying,
Love is of immortal birth;
Charging human hearts to be
Keepers of its memory—
Remember me.

Words that come down through the ages,
Shadowing man's diviner lot;
Wiser than the ancient sages
Is the heart's instinctive thought,
Guessing, where it could not see,
Its own bright immortality—
Remember me.

Yes, remember! Love looks sunward,
To the true home of the heart;
Life, and Love, and Hope go onward,
Till 'tis said, "No more we part!"
God's hereafter is thine own;
Say not for this life alone—
Remember me.

By the anguish and the yearning
That is every spirit's lot,
Cold oblivion's waters spurning,
Praying not to be forgot;
Say not thou, "Till death us sever,"
But, for ever, and for ever,
Remember me.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the *Eastern District of Pennsylvania*.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was a scene for a painter: Henry, wild with hope, standing in the dim light of the cave, striving to pierce the gloom and fix his eyes upon her who had called him as from the grave; Tom stealing up behind him, full of doubt and fear; Isaline, raised to a sitting posture, breathless and speechless, her hands clasped before her, and her features radiant with joy; and lastly poor Mary, with the hairy mask still on her face, cowering down behind her and quaking with terror.

"Isaline?" spoke Henry, as one would ask some dread question in a charnel-vault, trembling lest he had made some fearful mistake, for as yet he could not see clearly.

"Here!" was the gasping response of Isaline, and all she could say.

The next moment he was kneeling by her side, clasping her in his arms, and soul was mingling with soul.

Oh! the rapture—the ecstasy—of that meeting! The heart has a language of its own, which the tongue cannot utter. There are emotions of joy and grief too deep for words. For a long time not another syllable was spoken by the lovers; but there were deep sighs, and tears of joy, and a feeling as if eternity had given back the loved and lost, and Heaven had come down to earth.

At last, when Henry drew back his head to gaze once more upon the sweet face of the idol of his soul, he started as one who receives a sudden shock.

"Gracious Heaven! what is this?" he cried.

"I have been ill, dear Henry—very ill, I suppose—though I have no remembrance of it."

"Oh, my poor darling! and I not with you!"

"But you are now, dear Henry, thank God! And yet the Indians, dear Henry—the Indians—are we not in danger from them now?"

"No, my poor darling, they have all been destroyed."

"Wiped out, marm, like you'd rub out a chork mark!" now joined in Tom, who all this time had stood like one in a maze, looking curiously at the lovers one moment, and fearfully at the dark, dread Something, still cowering down behind them, the next.

"Ha! is that you, Tom? my brave, true friend!" said Isaline, extending her hand.

"I'm your fri'nd, marm, thar's no doubt about that," replied the old hunter, coming forward, "and I'd a kicked up my heels and yelped out my feelings afore this, 'cept I've been looking to see us all carried off in a blaze of brimstone by that thar devil behind you!"

"Oh, my poor Mary!" cried Isaline; "that I should have forgotten her all this time! and she wounded, and perhaps bleeding to death!"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Henry, springing to his feet, his memory also recalled, and gazing with horrified amazement upon the poor lunatic; "is that strange object a human being? and a woman at that?"

"My poor Mary!" said Isaline, turning round to her, throwing an arm around her neck, and herself lifting off the hairy mask.

Both Henry and Tom uttered wild exclamations of surprise, and the former sprung to the poor girl, dropped down by her side, and cried, in an agitated voice:

"God forgive me for firing at her and wounding her! I hope not mortally? Quick, girl! where are you hurt? Let me me stanch the blood and bind up your wound!"

"The poor creature has lost her reason!" said Isaline.

"Oh, my dear, sweet sister, save me!" cried Mary, throwing her arms around the neck of Isaline and hiding her face against her throbbing heart.

"There, my poor child—my sweet sister—there is nothing to fear now—for these are my friends, come to save us both!" said Isaline, in a tender, soothing tone.

Tom meantime had been like a man petrified—staring wildly, with open mouth—not knowing whether to credit his senses or not. At length he drew in a long breath, and blew it out like a trumpet blast.

"Heaven and 'arth! what's all this yere? A gal, arter all, that we've been skeered out of our senses at?"

"Nothing but a poor, harmless lunatic!" replied Isaline.

"A what?" cried Tom.

"A poor girl who has lost her senses!" explained Henry.

"Then I spect I'd better put out and soak my head fur a —— fool!" roared Tom. "Whe-e-w! thunderation! wagh! shagh! git out! go away! let me spile! whar's the use?"

He kept on with his exclamations, while Henry hurriedly proceeded to examine the wound he had himself inflicted. Fortunately his aim had not been steady, and the ball, sped at the life of the supposed Phantom, had passed through the fleshy portion of her arm, without severing an artery or doing her any serious injury. He cut away the covering of skins around it, and bound it up with a strip torn from the lining of his own coat—poor Mary, now apparently satisfied that she had nothing more to fear, looking on quietly, and even smiling. When at last all was completed, he said:

"There, my poor girl, I thank God I did you no greater harm! and for even this I will make amends."

"You ought to be my brother," replied Mary; "but then I never had a brother."

"I will be a brother to you, poor child!" returned Henry.

"This is my sweet sister!" pursued Mary, looking fondly at Isaline and caressing her.

"Indeed I am," replied Isaline, "and will ever be."

"Woofh!" grunted Tom. "Spect I'd better be your father to once!"

"How about the fire and brimstone?" asked Henry, playfully.

"See he-yar, younker, you kin blow!" replied Tom; "but I spect you'll allow as I warn't the only white gintleman as war skeered!"

"Indeed you were not!" smiled Henry; "and perhaps you were not the only one who saw fire and brimstone, blue blazes, and several other things!"

"Shagh! whar's the use?" growled Tom.

"Never mind, my brave friend!" rejoined Henry; "the best of us are liable to mistakes; and I fervently thank God that we have all made them in some things, and that all has ended so happily for us!"

He then turned to Isaline, and put many tender inquiries concerning her present condition and her wonderful escape, and was thrilled with horror at her recital of her fall over the cliff and the fearful events that followed.

"And has this poor girl since been able to keep you supplied with such food as you could eat, dearest?" he inquired.

"Of food I have tasted none, dear Henry, since I was carried off by Methote!" replied Isaline.

"What?" cried Henry, all aghast.

"What?" yelled Tom: "not eat nothing fur a week? Why, marm, that ar' would kill a hoss!"

"Gracious Heaven! how have you lived?" exclaimed Henry.

"Fortunately for me, I have not been fully conscious of existence but a few hours!" returned Isaline. "But what do you mean by speaking of a week?" she pursued, wonderingly. "Surely it is not a week since I fell over the cliff?"

"Not quite, I think," replied Henry, "but at least some five or six days."

"I thank Heaven then that the time has passed without my knowledge!" said Isaline; "for had I been left all that period to racking thought, I fear I should now have been no better than my poor friend here!"

"Oh, it is terrible! terrible! to think how near I have been to losing you forever, my darling!" said Henry, in a tremulous voice. "But you must have something to eat now, dear Isaline!" pursued the excited lover; "and what can we give you that will not injure you?"

"Broth!" said Mary; "like we made for our dear papa when he was so sick."

"Ah, yes, that would do—but how to prepare it at once!" said Henry. "Tom, do you know of any way?"

"Thar's meat enough up whar we camped," replied the old woodman, "ef thar war any way to bile it; but thar arn't a dish about, 'cept our drinking cups. Stop! I've got a idee, Harry—I'll fix it. How long kin you wait, marm?"

"I am not suffering with hunger," replied Isaline; "in fact I have but little desire for food; I only feel weak and faint, that is all."

"Lord bless your purty soul, no wonder!" cried Tom. "A weak without eating? Why, I'd hev a holler in me by that time as 'ud take in a bull buffaler—yes, marm! Wall, jist you hold on a bit, and keep up your sperrits, and I'll fotch you so'thing afore long. You kin stay with her, Harry, and cheer her up."

With this, and muttering to himself, "a week without nary thing to eat!" Tom hurried out of the cave.

"And now, dear Henry, you must tell me about yourself, and by what mercy of Heaven I see you here!" said Isaline, as he seated himself by her side, drew her fondly to him, and supported her pale, thin face against his noble heart, that beat only for her.

He did tell her all that had befallen him, speaking in that low, tender tone that was music to her soul; and with deep sighs, and tearful eyes, and now and then a shudder at his sufferings or perils, she rested her head against his manly breast, looked up lovingly into his handsome face, and felt she had never known pure happiness till then.

"And so our cruel enemies are all dead?" she said, with a shudder, when she had heard the tragic tale.

"All gone, dearest—you have nothing more to fear from them."

"Ah, dear Henry, what an end for those three white men—Hampton, Blodget and Methote!"

"And do you not think they all deserved their fate, dearest?"

"It is not for me to judge, dear Henry," replied Isaline, solemnly: "let us leave them in the hands of God!"

"Oh, to think I was so near you more than once, my darling, groaning out my despair, and yet going away and leaving you to suffer!"

"All has been for the best, dear Henry!" returned Isaline; "all has been for the best, my noble friend! Let us regret nothing—repine at nothing—but thank God, with all our souls, that He has brought us together again!"

"I do, dearest—I do!" replied Henry; "and when I cease to thank Him, I shall deserve to lose the happiness which now I feel. Oh, if, when so near you again to-day, I had gone away and left you here to perish! I tremble even now to think of it! And yet I might have done so, but for the Providence that directed me hither through our poor sister Mary!"

"You wanted to kill me," now joined in the poor girl, who had remained a quiet listener to Henry's narrative; "but God wouldn't permit it! If you had murdered me," she pursued, "I should have come back to sister Ellen here, because she was murdered once and came back to me!"

"The reason you were shot at and wounded, dear Mary," explained Isaline, "was because you had this hairy mask on your face, and were supposed to be some wild animal. You must never wear it again, dear Mary—will you?"

"No, sweet sister, I will throw it away!" replied Mary.

"She seems to understand some things!" said Henry.

"Yes, and I believe, with kind, gentle treatment and care, she will yet fully regain her reason!" returned Isaline. "But tell me how it happened that you discovered her so near this place?"

"After I had learned from Blodget, on the evening before his execution, that he had seen nothing of you, dear Isaline, either living or dead," replied Henry, "I believed you were lost to me forever, and felt as if I had nothing more to live for. Thinking it possible I might find your remains somewhere in this vicinity, I resolved to come back here alone and search for them, and perhaps end my days here; but when, the day following, which was yesterday, I attempted to separate from my brave, true friend, Rough Tom, I found it impossible—for he declared I should not leave him behind—and so we came together to this place, which we reached last night a little before dark."

"Were you indeed here last night, dear Henry?"

"Not at this cave, but at the spot where you went over the cliff, my darling, which is scarcely more than a hundred yards distant."

"Ah, that is what I have been so anxious to find out, but my poor Mary here could not comprehend me."

"I brought you here, sweet sister!" said Mary.

"I know you did, poor girl, and have tenderly cared for me since, and if I live you shall never regret it!" returned Isaline.

"You ought to have seen her among the wolves, dear brother!" said Mary to Henry.

"It must have been awful! awful!" shuddered Henry; "and to think that on that night, of all nights, I was sleeping soundly in the Indian camp! I do not understand it!"

"Providence sent you that sleep to save you from madness, dear Henry!" said Isaline.

"At least I will endeavor to think so," answered Henry, "for otherwise I must severely blame myself—though I could have done nothing for you then, dearest, even had I been at liberty. Yes, I feel that all has indeed been for the best! But to resume. Tom and I made another search last night, till it grew dark, and then we went up the cliff, to where we had camped before, and spent the night there—a wretched night for me indeed! This morning we resumed our search along the beach, and even passed this spot, going a mile or two below. Then we went up the cliff into the forest and killed a deer; after which we came back, searching carefully along the top of the cliff, but of course finding nothing to reward us for our labor. I need not detail all that followed. Suffice it to say, that, being once more down on the beach, we suddenly espied what we believed to be the Phantom of the Forest; and against the remonstrance of my companion, I raised my rifle, took a quick, unsteady aim, and fired, with what success you know. I humbly thank God that my aim was no better! for had I killed this poor girl on the spot, I might still have lost you, dear Isaline, and I should have had the everlasting regret of knowing I had sent a fellow being to eternity! That the object I fired at was human, I did not for a moment suppose, but rather that it was some wild beast, of an unknown genus and species. Poor Mary shrieked and fled to this cave, and Tom and I followed, he protesting that my life would be sacrificed to my folly, and I then caring little how soon I might lose it, but determined to solve the mystery at any hazard. When I reached the cave and heard you call my name, I could not credit my senses, but with a wild hope bounded forward, and would have done so had I even known I was plunging into the jaws of death!"

"God bless you, dear Henry!" said Isaline, in a low, tremulous tone, looking up so lovingly into his clear, blue eyes; "how can I ever repay you for all you have done and sacrificed for me?"

"I am ten thousand times repaid already!" answered Henry, folding the lovely girl to his heart.

In something like a couple of hours Rough Tom returned, with an air of triumph, bringing a cup full of broth.

"I've done it!" he exclaimed; "I've done it beautiful! Thar's more ways nor one to skin a cat, without pulling the hide off over her head. Begs your pardon, marm! but thar arn't no cats about this yere—no, marm! It's the ginewine thing—made of the best deer meat you ever eat. I'll tell you how it war cooked. You see I couldn't put this yere cup over the fire to bile, case it wouldn't stand no sich nonsense; but I found a holler stone, as would hold a heap of water, and I filled that thar from the river, and put hot stones into that till that biled, and so kept that a byling till this yere biled, and now I've got so'thing as you kin take to start with."

"A thousand thanks, my dear friend!" said Isaline, as she took the cup from the hands of Tom and slowly drank off the steaming contents. "Really, this gives me new life and strength!" she added.

As it was then late in the day, it was thought best, considering the condition of Isaline, to remain in the cave at least another night. This was done; and Tom prepared another cup of broth, which Isaline drank, and found herself in a state to justify her eating a little meat on the following morning. She was still too weak to walk through the wilderness, and the first plan of her companions was to carry her on a litter. They had already begun to construct one, when Tom suddenly exclaimed:

"Stop, younker—I hev it! Wagh! Whar's the use of heving brains, lad, ef we don't use 'em! Thar's the hosses we left, hey?"

"Oh, yes—do you think we can find them now, Tom?" cried Henry, with a joyous hope.

"Leastways I'll go and see!" answered Tom. "Jest you stay he-yar with the colonel's darter till I comes back!"

He immediately set off, and Henry remained with Isaline and Mary, passing the time very happily till his return with the horses, which cost him so long a search that it was late in the afternoon before his welcome shout was once more heard.

Isaline had been steadily improving under the watchful care of Henry; but it was now thought best to pass still another night in the cave, which was accordingly done. By the following morning she had recovered so much strength as to be able to sit her horse; and then our friends set off slowly through the wilderness, and before night reached one of the stations on the Kentucky river, where they were received with true border hospitality, and where they remained for several days, enjoying a happiness the more sweet for the many sufferings and perils through which they had passed.

But little more remains to be told. A few days later they reached Harrod's station in safety, where Isaline was clasped in the arms of her father and her two black servants, as one who had truly came back from the grave. The father wept for joy; and Priscilla and Rhoda, who had reached that place some days in advance of our heroine, mourning her as lost to them forever, were perfectly wild with delight.

"Oh, my dear, dear, dear Miss Isaline! God bress you, honey!" cried Rhoda, throwing her arms around her mistress' neck, clinging to her spasmodically, and giving way to a wild burst of tears.

"Oh, honey darling—honey darling—angel ob goodness—lubly creatur'—bress God Ise got you ag'in, arter all the skeers Ise had out on you!" yelled Priscilla, almost smothering her mistress in turn.

Isaline, never more happy in her life, wept with them all.

After Colonel Holcombe had heard the whole story of his daughter's sufferings, perils, hair-breadth escapes, wonderful preservations, and the devotion of the two brave men who had at last brought her safely to his arms, he took Tom and Henry aside.

First giving his hand to the old woodman, he said, in a faltering voice, and with tear-dimmed eyes:

"Tom Sturgess, my brave, noble fellow, God bless you! If half my fortune can recompense you for what you have done for me, it is yours!"

"Agh! wagh! shagh! whar's the use?" cried Tom. "Ef I arn't paid already, Colonel, I'm a nigger and oughter spile! Don't say another word, Colonel, 'cept you wants to see a feller about my size break fur tall timber! Woofh! thunderation! catermounts and allergators! whar's the use?"

"And to you, my friend, pursued the colonel, grasping Henry's hand in turn, "I have only one thing to say. Will you accept the dear girl you have saved for your reward?"

Henry struggled to speak, but his tongue would not articulate, and so he wrung the Colonel's hand in silence.

A few days later, Rough Tom danced at the wedding of Henry Colburn and Isaline Holcombe, one of the brightest, gayest and happiest ever seen in the wilds of Kentucky.

Tom went back alone to the wilderness, or with other companions, and for years continued his perilous occupation, proving himself one of the boldest and bravest scouts and hunters of the border. After the signing of the treaty of peace with the Indians at Greenville, he returned to his dearest friends, and settled down near them, a confirmed but happy old bachelor.

Some three years after her marriage with Henry, Isaline was agreeably surprised to find she had fallen heir, by will, to the great fortune of her mother's half uncle, in England, Sir Joshua Speed—the same fortune, it will be remembered, which, to obtain through the possession of herself, had led Charles Hampton, alias Stephen Rogers, to concoct the wicked plot that in the end had cost him his life. This fortune Isaline was only too happy to place in the hands of her noble husband, who subsequently became one of the richest land-holders in Kentucky and one of the foremost men in the State.

Mary Mervine recovered her reason, and afterward married a man of legal eminence, settling down near her sweet sister, as she ever continued to call Isaline. As with her originated, so with her ended, the PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

THE END.

☞ Back numbers can be supplied containing the whole story.

Weight of People.

What is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people—and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet of Brussels some years ago deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches of man. He got hold of everybody he could, everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies; he weighed the boys and girls; he weighed the youths and maidens; he weighed men and women; he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory-people, pensioners; and, as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital in Brussels, for a considerable period, were weighed, and the results were compared with others obtained at similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy-baby a little more, a girl-baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten and eleven pounds. M. Quetelet grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty have an average of one hundred and twenty pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds; but the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when their average weight was one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Men and women together, the weight, at full growth, averaged almost exactly one hundred and forty pounds.

MAIDENS' EYES.

BY P. J. BAILEY.

Annie's eyes are like the night,
Nell's are like the morning, grey;
Fanny's like the gloaming light,
Hal's are sunny as the day:
Bright—dark—blue—grey,
I could kiss them night and day:
Grey—blue—dark—bright—
Morning, evening, noon, and night.

Annie's brow is arched like the sky,
Nell's is white without a spot,
Hal's is as a palace high,
Fanny's lowly like a cot:
High—arched—low—white,
I could kiss them day and night:
White—low—arched—high,
Kiss them night and day could I.

Annie's lips are warm and bright,
Fanny's free and full of play,
Hal's are sweetest out of sight,
Nell's are always in the way:
Bright—warm—sweet—play,
I could kiss them night and day:
Play—sweet—warm—bright,
All the day and all the night!

"The Angel of God Met Him."

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." Something of this kind may have happened to ourselves. They have doubtless often met us, although from the dimness of our vision we have not seen the flash of their golden wings. Cannot you recollect that morning, when you went from your place of business into the city, filled with grave anxieties respecting the stability of your position? but as you went on your way the gloom was dissipated, the star of hope again shone forth bright and clear, a way of escape from the threatened entanglement presented itself to your mind. In everything you attempted that day you succeeded far beyond your expectations. Ah! as you went on your way "the angels of God met you." Or we will suppose another case. You felt yourself deeply injured by one whom you had long thought your friend, and you had left your home that you might pour upon him the full tide of your indignation. You would not be appeased; you would not forgive him; you would have your revenge; you would make him suffer for his conduct, and so on. These were the thoughts that possessed your mind; but, as you went on your way, gentler feelings found entrance into your heart, your steps became less hurried, your hands were no longer clenched, your brow relaxed its frown. It occurred to you that possibly you had not been wholly faultless in the matter. A still, small voice whispered to you the significant warning—"So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." The cross beamed upon you, and you thought of the love and the patience of its Divine victim. Touched to the heart, you sought the offender—not to punish, but to forgive; not to upbraid, but to console him. Ah! the angels of God met you. Or is it possible that, through the persuasions of ungodly companions, you were proceeding to one of the many scenes of sinful pleasure with which this metropolis abounds. At that moment you were prepared to go any length in the path of evil, for you had given the reins to your lusts and were driven by them at their pleasure. But as you were about to enter the fatal door, you became the subject of a most mysterious influence. You seemed to see the face of your sainted mother, and to hear the accents of that loving voice, long since hushed in the silence of the grave. That was the crisis of your moral being. Unmoved by the taunts and jeers of your companions you rushed from the spot, stayed not until you regained your home, retired to your chamber, and there, with many tears, you sought the Lord. Ah! that night—that eventful night, the angels of God met you. Or death had entered your household, and borne away one you dearly loved. Everything around constantly reminded you of your loss. The vacant chair, the silent instrument, the unoccupied chamber. In the depths of your heart you thought the Lord had dealt bitterly with you. One day, like Mary of Bethany, you went forth to the grave to weep there, and while seated upon the green turf, venting your grief in unavailing tears, your loss appeared to you in a new light. Perhaps it was well you had been called to bear it. The loved one might have been taken away from the evil to come; or through this bereavement other members of your family might be brought to the Saviour's feet. Comforted by these reflections, which had never occurred to you with such force before, you dried your tears and returned home in a chastened and submissive frame of mind, while you were able to say from your very heart—"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." Ah! at that grave earth touched Heaven, for there the angels of God met you.

Take courage, ye tried and afflicted believers, this celestial guard is ever about your path. "The angel," or as it may be rendered, "the angelry of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." Is it not written, He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone?" Let us then take heart: we are not alone in our struggles, not without sympathy, not without help. Let us go on our way animated by the thought that, when we pass through the dark, cold river of death, on the other shore, commissioned to conduct us to our Saviour's presence, the angels of God will meet us.

H. B. I.

Beautiful Extract.

The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence; they are living with me at this very time; they are like myself dwelling in the great parental mansion of God; they still belong to me as I to them. As they are ever in my thoughts, so, perhaps am I in theirs. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our re-union. What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I can no longer enjoy their pleasant society? During their lifetime I was not discontented because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them from me, I was not therefore unhappy. And why is it different now? They have gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth in a far distant city, or in some higher world in the infinite universe of God, what difference is there! Are we not still in the same house of our Father, like loving brothers who inhabit separate rooms? Have we therefore ceased to be brothers?—*Rowan.*

WELLINGTON.

By the Author of "Men I Have Known."

There was much worldly wisdom and a large share of common sense in the Duke. What was developed in strategem and tactics in war was frequently visible in minor concerns of life. I remember an after-dinner conversation, which related to a speech and vote on the previous night in the House of Peers, and seemed to be in direct opposition to what was anticipated from him. No one in the company could account for it, when the Marquis Wellesley observed, "Ah, let him alone for a reason! You do not know my brother. He is the cunningest dog that ever existed!"

Count D'Orsay modelled both brothers, and, when I said something of their different characters as exemplified in the statuettes, answered, with his inimitable lisp, "Yes; the one is the cock pheasant, the other the hen." And, *a propos* of sculpture, I was once seated at table next to Chantrey, and the Duke might be five or six seats off, when the artist bid me observe the formation of his ear, which, in fact, lay very flat and small upon his head or neck, and did not appear to have the convolutions in shape which are usually seen in that least-noticed of human features. The Duke, you know, was a little deaf. This occurred in a small party at the Mansion House, given by the Lord Mayor to celebrate the choice of the equestrian statue of his grace now in front of the Royal Exchange, and which the Lord Mayor had decided by his second (casting) vote, on the committee being equally divided.

Two or three times it occurred to me to have slight personal intercourse with his grace, yet even in these trivial things there were some particular characteristics to be noticed. I happened to have some early intelligence of an arctic expedition which the Duke heard of, and wished to see. My friend, Mr. G. P. R. James, resided near him at Walmer, to whom he paid courteous attention as a neighbor, and who was, perhaps, the only literary man he ever condescended to notice. The Duke addressed him on the subject with "Oh, I know Mr. —— very well; he will be happy to oblige me." And so I was, though it reminded me of the story of Delphini, the opera clown, who, on being told that the Prince Regent said he knew him, exclaimed, "Oh, he brags, he brags." My name may have been familiar to the Duke as that of the editor of the "Literary Gazette," in those days the only journal of its class, but any more personal knowledge might amount to this:—I was the medium to convey a packet of an acceptable kind to his grace, and sent it to Apsley House accordingly. It was refused to be taken in, and I had no alternative but to write to the Duke explaining what it was, and my difficulty in procuring its reception. In immediate answer I got from him a note, thanking me for my politeness, and excusing the porter; for, it was stated, if he took in all the parcels and packets sent, it would soon turn the dwelling (roomy as it was) into an old lumber-store, or a museum of every sort of curiosity, amid which nobody could live in any degree of comfort. To ensure the free passage of my small packet, however, the Duke had written on the bottom of the note-paper his own address, with directions for me to tear it off and paste it upon my cover. And so it found entrance into Apsley House. To my great regret in later days, when Wellington autographs became so valuable, I did not preserve so curious a specimen of his grace's manuscript. Many of the notes in the hands of collectors, professing to be autographs, were not written by the Duke, but by his secretary, whose handwriting greatly resembled that of the Duke.

I may observe, as proof of a remarkable caution, that the Duke almost invariably signed his name on a part of the paper where nothing could be written above or below the signature. Connected with this I may mention that, after having been, with the present Duchess and others of his family, to look at Mr. Wyatt's grand cast of the horse now on the gateway at Hyde Park Corner, he called early on the next morning in a hired cab. The workman at the door recognized him, but respectfully presented the book in which visitors were requested to insert their names. "Oh ay," said his grace; and, taking the pen in hand, deliberately inscribed "Dr. Wellesley." It was certainly a university honor used in a stranger manner, in a strange place.

Some folks asserted, and assert, that the Duke was surprised at Brussels; for he was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball when the news came of Napoleon's movements. True, but every arrangement had been quietly made beforehand by the Duke. It was not easy to penetrate his private deliberations. In Spain, upon one occasion—the morning of a famous battle—the aides-de-camp, scouts, and spies arrived successively in hot haste, describing the force and approach of the enemy, while the Commander-in-Chief sat ruminating at his breakfast table, and "made no sign." At length he roused up sufficiently to bid them let him know when the French had crossed a certain small stream. Well matured and perfect had been his dispositions of his army before retiring to sleep. Still he might wish to ascertain the nature of the advance, and was supposed to be deep revolving his plans in anxious thought as he ate his egg with odd, wry-face making; but, at the end, turning to his staff-chief, the late Lord Raglan, asked, "Fitzroy, was your egg a good one? for mine was altogether abominable!"

The Duke's repudiation of the idle invention of his call, "Up, guards, and at 'em!" is well known. He declared it was impossible to be, and was only a story "fit for poets, novelists, or historians." He ranked them all together. He also repudiated the story of the meeting at that place with Blucher, and thence the title of "La Belle Alliance,"* which, he said, was an embellishment to get a pretty name for the battle. Upon all such subjects, from the loosest rumors which got afloat to statements of the gravest importance, he was ever open and frank in his social intercourse, often discussing topics preeminently concerning himself as if they were quite indifferent and he a mere looker-on.

Upon questions of a public, and especially of a military nature, he was absolutely obstinate. I had some ado in endeavoring to get brevet rank for a friend of mine, an officer in the Royal Marines, who had performed a service to Russian royalty which it was usual to recognize by that step in promotion. The Duke set his face against the claimant because he did not belong to the regular army, and there was no precedent in the marines. It involved, however, a customary compliment, to which the Emperor of Russia was entitled, and Prince Lieven backed the application through several "protocols;" but all in vain, and the last I heard of it was from the Prince, through Dr. Smirnove, that he could do no more, having got "an F.M." from his grace, whom he would not like to provoke any further. My friend, Captain Johns, was consequently disappointed, and felt desirous to learn why an F.M. was the first distinct indication that the Commander-in-Chief was getting angry. All the preceding correspondence might be in passionless diplomatic phraseology; but it appeared that, when the Duke's notes commenced "F.M. [Field-Marshal] the Duke of Wellington," foreign ambassadors thought it high time to urge their matters no more.

One day Mr. Wilson Croker was boasting of the powers of his phrenological organ of Locality, and affirmed that, by carefully observing any hill or rising ground which he happened to be ascending, he could predict the character and formation of the ground on the other side. "Ah!" said the Duke, "what an invaluable aide-de-camp you would have been to me! It would have spared many a perilous enterprise, and saved many a precious life." Mr. Croker sat, looking uneasy, under this play upon his organ.

I have heard a good story of the Peninsula, which may be known to some readers, but which I venture to repeat. One of the principal commissaries for the army came to the Duke in a grievous condition, with a complaint that General Picton had commanded him to have a certain quantity of stores and provisions at a certain place on the morrow, and threatening that, if he did not find them there, he would hang him. He represented to the Duke that it was impossible to fulfil the order! "And Picton threatened to hang you if you did not?" said the Duke. "Yes, your grace; and what is to be done?" replied the commissary. "Well," returned the Duke, "I would advise you to have the provisions at the appointed spot; for if not, and Picton said he would hang you, you may depend upon't he'll do it!" It was added that Picton had no need to keep his word, and the lesson was not lost on the commissariat.

I witnessed his entry into Paris after the battle of Bayonne, 1814. There was a grand review of the allied troops, and he rode up in plain undress along with the English ambassador, Lord Castlereagh. But no sooner was he recognized than the enthusiasm of his reception exceeded all description. Emperors, and kings, and other great generals were deserted, and shouts of "Vive le brave Vellinton!" shook the Tuileries.

Next year Waterloo and its consequences superseded this gratifying state of affairs; but the Duke maintained a very cordial intercourse with his old enemy, Marshal Soult, whilst he was French Minister in London. Time wears out prejudices; and it is pleasing to believe that wiser and better national feelings have grown up and are cherished for the welfare of both countries and the world.

The usual term of "the iron Duke" was not inapplicable to his physical constitution as well as his firm mind. He seemed to possess exemption from most of the ordinary physical infirmities of human nature. Sickness, for example, no matter in what cause originating, though perforce to be submitted to, he, at any rate, regarded as something to be concealed: it was a sign of weakness of which he felt ashamed, and which he would scarcely acknowledge even to the physician who attended him. In 1823, when on a visit to the Marquis of Hertford, he was attacked with inflammation, which only yielded to profuse bleeding, and left much weakness behind. He could not, therefore, deny the fact that he had been ill, but he scorned the idea that there was the slightest danger, or that any serious inconvenience had occurred to himself or others throughout his illness. Not long after, cholera, not in a very mild form, attacked him, and its effects were long perceptible in his wasted frame and emaciated countenance; but he would not allow that he had suffered more than a slight derangement of the stomach. I have an amusing anecdote bearing on this peculiar disposition. On a casual severe but temporary cold, he was nursing himself in Apsley House, in a warm apartment, muffled up about the head and face, with a screen drawn round the fireplace, and ordered to be denied to everybody. In this invisible condition, it so happened that Marshal Lord Beresford called, and, presuming on ancient fellowship, would take no denial—was sure the Duke would be glad to see him—and followed the valet so closely up the stairs that he could only open the door with the Marshal at his elbow, near enough to hear the peevish exclamation of the invalid—

"Who is it?"

"Lord Beresford, your grace," answered the attendant.

"What does the old fool want?" exclaimed the sufferer; and the Marshal hurried down-stairs without peeping or paying a compliment behind the screen.

He took intense interest in the family strifes of his nephew, "Long Wellesley," Lord Mornington. I have read letters from him to the lady, full of excellent advice, and extending over several sheets of note-paper; indeed, to all concerned in these miserable exposures he acted with so much good sense, wisdom, and consideration, that it appeared wonderful his interference could have been ineffectual.

In domestic matters he was very natural and simple. He transacted a world of business, and every day of his life was actively employed. He was an early riser even in winter, and Mrs. Cress, his housekeeper, and the greatest favorite of his household, was sure to have the fire so nicely "laid" in the small room below, that he could light it himself, and in three minutes have a cheerful blaze. It was upon some one speaking of turning in bed to enjoy another sleep that he said, "What! turn in bed? When a man turns in bed he ought to turn out!"

*The Supplemental Despatches of the Duke have confirmed this statement, showing that the meeting between these great commanders took place fourteen miles off, at Genappe; yet Maclise has been led to perpetuate the error in his admirable painting for the House of Lords.

THE DEAD OF THE WAR.—The Provost-Marshal-General has completed a careful compilation, from the muster-rolls, of all the deaths in battle, from wounds and from disease, in every regiment and company of every loyal state from the beginning to the close of the war. From it it appears that 280,739 officers and men have lost their lives in the service. Of this number 5,221 commissioned officers and 90 886 enlisted men have been killed in action, or died of wounds, while 2,321 commissioned officers and 182 329 enlisted men have died of disease, or, in a few cases, from accident.

☞ The English jockey, Grimshaw, received a salary of $15,000 per annum.

Terrible Explosion in San Francisco.

On Monday afternoon, a terrible explosion of what was supposed to be nitro-glycerine occurred in San Francisco, near Wells, Fargo & Company's building. The explosion shook the earth like an earthquake for a circle of a quarter of a mile. Samuel Knight, Superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Company's Express, died in half an hour of injuries received. G. W. Bell, Supervisor and Assayer, was instantly killed. Mr. Wallut, Wells, Fargo & Company's Assayer, Joseph Elliot, John Gallagher, Frank Webster and William Justin were also killed. Eight dead bodies were so mutilated that they could not be identified. Louis McLane, Captain Eldridge, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and Judge Hoffman, were bruised and cut. Felix Lamex, D. Stacy, Jefferson Taylor, H. Blanc, clothing dealer, Captain J. Ayres, Fred Leis, Frank Moran, and others, were injured, but not fatally. The damage is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. The cause of the explosion is a mystery; the freight agent of the Pacific Mail Company says that two boxes, each measuring about four cubic feet, were taken from the steamer's dock to the place where the explosion occurred. One box was consigned to Idaho City and the other to Los Angelos. Both were stained with oil. The contents are not known.

☞ Jerrold was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said that he was proud to see the English such good friends at last. "Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea," said Jerrold.

☞ An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

☞ A writer in the New York Observer, who has been studying Webster's new "Unabridged" Dictionary, expresses a regret that the lexicographer's definition of the word "boil" had not met the eyes of the new version people before they translated the book of Job, as it would have been so beautiful to say instead of boils: "And Satan smote Job with 'circumscribed subcutaneous inflammations, characterized by pointed pustular tumors, and suppurating with central cores.'"

☞ The difficulty of describing the size of a book by 8vo, 12mo, and so on, now that the sizes of paper are so different, should lead to another description. A writer in Notes and Queries suggests the measure of inches, as 5x8, 10x7, and so on through the various sizes. The idea is a good one, though a book when full bound would be smaller than when bound with uncut edges. If the book-trade through the world could agree on a standard, these might be marked by numbers, as 1, 2, 3, &c.; and any unusual sizes between might be designated by fractions. Thus if the present royal 8vo were 4, and the imperial 8vo were 5, a size between might be 4½.

☞ A boy of twelve, dining at his uncle's, made such a good dinner that his aunt observed: "Johnny, you appear to eat well." "Yes, aunty," replied the urchin, "I've been practicing eating all my life."

☞ A letter in the London Morning Star States that the Cathedral at Milan, which is built of white marble from pavement to spire, was begun in the fourteenth century, and is yet a long way from completion, though a large number of workmen are constantly employed, and has cost, up to the present time, not far from $175,000,000.

☞ The solemnity of a church congregation in New York was much disturbed a few Sundays ago by the disappearance of the beloved pastor in his box pulpit, and the rising thereof of a cloud of smoke impregnated with a strong sulphurous smell. A panicky feeling seized the timid ones, who saw in their excited imaginations an illustration of the wrath to come; while a few of the more courageous rushed to the pulpit, and there found the poor minister endeavoring to extinguish a fire kindled in his pantaloons by carrying loose matches in his pocket. He was put out, and the excitement subsided.

☞ AN ILLUSTRATION OF MOST QUARRELS.—"I could soon finish you up," said some lemons to a bottle of carbonate of soda. "I could soon take the taste out of you," answered the soda. "Let us try our strength," said the lemons. "With all my heart," said the soda; and to work they went, trying with all their might to extinguish each other; fizz—went the lemons; fizz—went the soda; and they went on fizzing, till there was nothing of either of them left, and only a nauseous paddle showed where the fight had been.

☞ YOUTHFUL CONDUCT.—The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or improvident, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years; and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.

☞ AN UNIVERSAL MOTTO.—One of the old kings having asked his wise men for a motto which would save him on all occasions, received the following: "This, too, shall pass away."

"What means it?" asked the king.

"It warns thee to care not overmuch for any thing in time. Joy passes, so does sorrow, the brightest hour and the darkest, alike. Therefore, be not exalted by one nor depressed by the other."

☞ Parson B—— and myself are both fond of boating. Going down to the Brooklyn Clubhouse, Gowanus, we were passing through a Celtic settlement, where pig-sties and kerosene refineries load the gale with mingled odors.

"Smells of 'ile,'" I observed to the Parson.

"Yes," says Parson B——, "Emerald ile!"

☞ A popular merchant in our city having received a superb assortment of water-fall cutlery, was most anxious to attract the attention of his fair customers to its merits. "Can't I sell you a fine comb, madam?" said he to a rural beauty, who stood at his counter. "No, sir, thank you, sir," responded the fair one in indignant tones, "thank you, sir, I don't need anything of that kind." The agitated damsel had evidently misconstructed the word "fine."

☞ The difficulty of the English language which a foreigner must experience, is well illustrated by the following question:—"Did you ever see a person pare an apple or a pear with a pair of scissors?"

☞ PARTIALITY FOR CHILDREN.—Love not thy children too unequally; or, if thou dost, show it not, lest thou make the one proud, the other envious, and both fools. If Nature hath made a difference, is is the part of a tender parent to help the weakest. The trial is unfair where the affection is the judge.

A Thrilling Narrative—Miraculous Escape of Parties from a Cave.

The Indianapolis Herald of the 12th contains a letter written at Leavenworth on the 8th inst., in which an account of an exploration of the celebrated "Dead Man's Cave," situated near Leavenworth, is given. It contains several thrilling incidents. The exploring party consisted of Major Throckmorton of Louisville, Captain Holcraft, Sheriff Swayne, Dr. E. R. Hawn, and Lyman E. Knapp of this place, Mr. Jesse Brandon of Nashville, and the Herald's correspondent. The party proceeded to the subterranean river, which flows through the cave, when, says the letter, a consultation was had upon the bank, to determine whether an attempt should be made to cross in its present swollen condition.

Mr. Knapp, myself, and Sheriff Swayne, suggested an abandonment of the expedition, but were overruled by Dr. Hawn, Major Throckmorton, Captain Holcraft, and Mr. Brandon, who, while admitting the dangerous character of the attempt, declared they would rather perish than abandon the expedition now, and stand the ridicule which such a movement would entail upon their heads. The boat was accordingly launched, and Captain Holcraft, Dr. Hawn and myself entered, the doctor playfully remarking that some men who were destined to die another death could never be drowned. We found the passage much easier than we expected.

Captain Holcraft took the oars, while I grasped the tiller, and the doctor held aloft the flambeau. A few vigorous strokes, and with a sensation of relief, we felt the keel grate upon the pebbles of a sloping bank on the other shore, in still and quiet water. A lusty cheer from the doctor made the cavern ring, and informed the rest of the party that the passage had been safely accomplished. Captain Holcraft then returned, and soon brought over the remainder of the party.

Continuing the exploration, the party came to a place where was discovered a deep circular hole, apparently almost bottomless. Stones dropped into its gaping mouth would be heard sullenly plunging from side to side, until the noise of their descent was lost in the abyss far below. Mr. Knapp being the lightest of the party, was let down by a strong cord a distance of some thirty yards, when he vigorously signified that he had seen enough by jerking the rope. He was drawn up, looking a trifle paler than usual, and declaring that his curiosity had been amply satisfied.

Mr. Knapp said that, after descending a distance of 15 or 20 feet, numerous winged things apparently bats, flitted constantly about his ears, viciously snapping their mandibles together with a devilish sort of twitter. One of these, cold, clammy, and inexpressibly nasty, alighted on his face and inflicted a severe bite. Mr. Knapp nearly fainted with disgust, and declared that if the rope had not been tied under his arms he would have fallen.

The party having become quite satisfied with sight-seeing under ground, were about ready to leave for daylight, when, upon the earnest solicitation of Dr. Hawn, the party was persuaded to continue the explorations a little beyond, when, says the writer, the most painful portion of the story commences. The party entered a new cavern, which suddenly narrowed. Mr. Knapp, going first, passed through the opening on his hands and knees, and entered another large chamber. Dr. Hawn, who is a very heavy man, attempted to follow, and became inextricably fixed in the passage. He could neither get forward nor back. For three hours the party worked incessantly, but all to no purpose.

We sent back to the river and got the iron stake, with which the boat had been fastened, to use as a crowbar. With this the doctor might have been extricated, but here a new calamity manifested itself. One by one the lamps had burned out, until barely enough oil was left to light us on our way back to the river. The thought of being imprisoned in that living tomb was too terrible to be endured, for we knew that, without light, we could never find our way back.

A panic seized upon the party, and hastily leaving the doctor and Mr. Knapp to their fate—for the doctor's body effectually blocked up the way against Mr. Knapp's return—we rapidly retraced our steps, crossed the river, and returned to the town. A supply of oil, tools, &c., were procured, and although fatigued almost to the point of disability, we returned to the cave, determined to rescue our comrades or perish in the attempt. The river was crossed, and we proceeded to the grand chamber where we had taken our lunch, accompanied by numerous citizens of Leavenworth.

But, search as closely as we would, we could not find the gallery in which the doctor and Mr. Knapp were entombed. In vain we explored and shouted, until worn out and fainting. All to no purpose. Nearly three days have passed since we first entered the cave, and during all that time it has been full of people uselessly hunting for the two unfortunate men. One after another of the various galleries leading from the grand chamber have been explored and blazed with chalk-marks, but still the missing men cannot be found. We are beginning to loose heart, but will persevere as long as there is the faintest hope.

The guide of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, has been sent for to assist us in the search. I shall remain here a day or two longer, to do what little I can, and I will inform you if the men or their bodies are found.

Mr. Knapp has since been found. He wandered about the cavern, and was at last fortunate enough to find an opening in an old sink-hole, where he was found by a hunter, fifty-six hours after he was left by the party in the cavern. Dr. Hawn had not been discovered at last accounts.

ASSURANCE FOR FEMALE BEAUTY.—A new assurance association has been established at Santa Fe, the object of which is to assure female beauty. The plan stated is as follows:—A woman may estimate her personal beauty at whatever price she pleases, and assure at that value, paying a proportionate sum according to the period assured for. The company assures female beauty from the age of fifteen to that of thirty, paying the assurer a specific sum if her beauty goes off or is accidentally injured during a given time.

☞ A French religious paper, speaking of Gladiator's success on the English turf, says: "We are delighted in our souls to see a Roman Catholic horse beating Protestant horses!"

☞ It has been asked, when rain falls does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

☞ Judge Busteed, of the United States District Court at Mobile, has rendered an important decision: A young man, a minor, while a passenger on board one of the Mobile and New Orleans steamers, engaged in cards and lost a considerable sum of money, really the property of his mother. A suit was instituted for the recovery of the money, not against the gambler, but the captain of the boat, and decided in favor of the plaintiff.

☞ Gen. Grant was arrested by the police in Washington, the other day, for fast driving. He paid his fine a day or two afterwards.

☞ LUBRICATING OIL.—The consumption of oil as a lubricator is very great, and many railroad companies spend more than $25,000 annually for it. An English manufacturer recently testified in Court that he distilled 400,000 gallons of lubricating oil yearly from coal.

☞ In view of the latest evidence from Jamaica the London Times is compelled to admit that frightful and unjustifiable cruelties were committed, and that there was an abuse of power beyond all excuse or palliation.

☞ The best effects of light in a landscape are secured when white or light gray clouds are driving past the sun; these always give much reflected light, throwing detail and transparency into deepest shadows.

☞ The Providence Post has heard of the "Diet of Worms," recorded in the history of Martin Luther, but thinks that that has nothing to do with trichinæ in the pork, which also originated in Germany.

☞ Mr. Kingsley tells of some one who complimented Thackeray on parts of "Vanity Fair," but thought Sir Pitt Crawley impossible. The author replied that among the characters cited Sir Pitt was the only one taken from life.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.
An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor,
feb10-3m Boston, Mass.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.—The world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat. ap21-2t

EVERY mother and housekeeper must often act as a family physician in the numerous illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For many of these cases, I have used DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, and consider it an indispensable article in the medicine box. In diarrhœa, it has been used and effected cures. For cuts and bruises it is invaluable.—*N. Y. Examiner.* ap21-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Tumors and Swellings. These medicines have entirely dispensed with the use of the knife, to which the patient frequently succumbed from sheer exhaustion. A thorough cure can only be produced by a complete change in the blood, and Holloway's remedies will accomplish this most effectually. Sold everywhere.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been more active. Sales comprise about 18,000 bbls, including 400 bbls superfine at from $6 75@8; 800 bbls extra at $7,75@9; 3000 bbls Northwest family at $8,75@10,25 for common to fancy; 1500 bbls Penna and Ohio family at $9@11; 1000 bbls choice winter Wheat family at $12@13, and 2000 bbls fancy at from $13@15 ₩ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour, 350 bbls sold at from $4,75@5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues in good demand. Sales 40,000 bus, including common red at $2,10@2,15; fair do at $2,20@2,45; prime at $2,50@2,55, and choice at $2,60@2,65; 3000 bus spring Wheat at from $1,60@1,80, and small lots of white at from $2,55@2,90 ₩ bus, as to quality. Rye, 1200 bus Penna sold at 93@95c, and 1600 bus Delaware at 75c. Corn, about 45,000 bus prime yellow sold at 80@85c ₩ bus. Oats, sales about 30,000 bus, in lots, at 60c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull at about former rates; small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $26,50@27 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams sell in lots at 20@23c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged. Pickled Hams sell at 17@18c, and salt Shoulders at 11@11½c ₩ lb. Lard sells at 15½c ₩ lb. Butter; sales of roll at 40@50c, and solid packed at from 28@40c ₩ lb, as to quality. New York Cheese sells at 22½c ₩ lb, and Eggs at from 24@25c ₩ dozen.

GROCERIES—There is more doing in Sugar, 700 hhds Cuba sold at 10¾c currency; 400 hhds do at 8c gold; and 100 boxes at 9c ₩ lb gold. Coffee has declined; 3200 bags Laguayra sold, to go to New York, at 19½c ₩ lb, gold.

COTTON—Sales 3000 bales Middlings, in lots, at from 36@38c ₩ lb.

BEESWAX—We quote Yellow at 42@43c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at from $5,50@5,75 ₩ ton, delivered on board.

FEATHERS—Small sales of common and prime Western are making at from 65 to 80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce at $4@7 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples sell at from 9@13c for old and 14@16c ₩ lb for new. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 14@16c and halves at from 17@20c ₩ lb. Cranberries sell at $17@18 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Baled is selling at $15@16 ₩ ton.

HOPS—New Eastern and Western are selling at from 70 to 75c ₩ lb for choice.

SEEDS—Cloverseed sells from $4 for common, up to $6 for choice. Timothy is scarce; sales of Flaxseed are making at $2,55@2,60 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quoted at $2,50@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—About 250 bbls sold in lots at $2,25@2,26, for Pennsylvania and $2,27@2,28 ₩ gal for Ohio.

TALLOW—We quote city rendered at 11½@11¾c, and country at 11c ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 16½@17c ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $45 to $? ₩ head. Sheep—7000 head were disposed of at from 7@8 cts ₩ lb. 1700 Hogs sold at from $13,00@13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

PEOPLE DIFFER ON MANY POINTS,
BUT ALL AGREE THAT THE
"*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*"
"IS THE ONLY INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE"
For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make the hair grow on bald heads.
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8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. mar31-eow1f

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, HARRY C. STIMBLE to LIZZIE R. LAMB, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William Mann, Mr. THOMAS FIELD to Miss MARY FISHER, both of this city.

On the 13th of Oct. last, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM ROSS to Miss REBECCA HOPKINS, both of this city.

On the 4th of March, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. JACOB S. DEVALL to Miss ANN M. DAY, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. JOHN YARD to Miss SARAH E. ROWLAND, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. JACOB BUEBY to Miss ADALAINE DESHER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Camden, N. J., on the 19th instant, of Pneumonia, JENNIE T., wife of Saml. Carels, M. D., aged 24 years.

On the 16th instant, DANIEL M. PARSON, in his 82d year.

On the 18th instant, JOHN HODGE, Sr., in his 76th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. HENRY T. BLAKE, in his 69th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. RUTH FRANKLIN, in her 90th year.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM E. BOWEN, in his 69th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH HOLMES, in her 83d year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. ISAAC B. ELDRIDGE, in his 55th year.

On the 13th instant, REBECCA BENJAMIN, in her 70th year.

On the 13th instant, JAMES ANDERSON, in his 67th year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.
P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.
DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan20-cow6m. Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

$25 Bartlett Sewing Machine. $25

LICENSED under patents of Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, and Singer Co.'s, and the only Cheap Machine in the United States, having the right to use the Wheeler & Wilson or four motion Under-Feed.

We want Agents to sell them. Will pay $50 to $200 per month, or allow large Commissions. Will send Machines, to be paid for when sold. For Circulars, Terms, &c., enclose stamp and address
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at either of our offices, Philadelphia Pa., Toledo, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

Sews with double or single thread.—*Scientific American.* ap7-8t

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A collection of ANTHEMS, CHORUSES, GLEES, and CONCERTED PIECES, for the use of Musical Conventions, Choral Societies, &c. The object of this work is to furnish at a very low price, the best pieces of music of the classes above enumerated being those generally selected by Musical Societies, Choirs and others for practice. It contains 14 Sacred and 17 Secular pieces from Oratorios, Operas, &c., and is without exception the cheapest book of the kind ever published. *Price* 60 cents. Mailed free, on receipt of price
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III.—Brune Aux Yeux Bleus.
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VIII.—JOHN RYLAND'S WIFE.
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The opening illustration, by Mr. Darley, is one of the best from the pencil of that artist. The other full-page illustration is copied from a design by a distinguished English artist. Both of these illustrations are handsomely printed on tinted paper.

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THE PREMIUM YEAST, OR BAKING POWDER,
Manufactured by E. MOCKRIDGE & CO.,
No. 62 NORTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

On page 473 of Parrish's Pharmacy it is said of the essential ingredients that enter into the composition of the AZUMEA, "That many dyspeptics who cannot tolerate fresh light cakes when raised with yeast, can eat them with impunity when raised in this way;" and in view of the healthfulness of the ingredients, recommends their general use.

The Azumea makes the finest BREAD, BISCUIT, ROLLS, CAKE, DOUGHNUTS, PIE-CRUST, DUMPLINGS, PUDDING, &c., possible; *recipes for which can be had, together with a sample by sending a stamped envelope, with full address of applicant thereon.* Bread is made in the simplest manner. It has the following advantages over yeast or fermented bread:—It can be made and baked in one hour from the time of first handling the flour, it will be moist and pleasant to eat four days after baking; it is easy of digestion, excellent for persons suffering from dyspepsia; retains all gluten, starch and sugar contained in the flour; and therefore produces 1 lb. 12 oz of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, while yeast produces only 1 lb. 9 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, thus obtaining about 27 lbs more of bread from a barrel of flour, which, with the saving of yeast, will about balance the cost of the Azumea.

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HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.
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PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.
SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

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DYSPEPSIA,
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and
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HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F
Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L
REMEMBER,
That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A
[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
WILLIAM SMITH,
266 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N
Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church:
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D
Beware of Counterfeits!
☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.
☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—see *Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 10.00	"
FAST LINE	" 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	" 5.30	"
ERIE MAIL*	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS‡	" 1.10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
PARKESBURG	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.30	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.40	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.10	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday.

All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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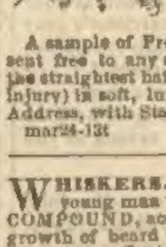
Have been opened at No. 631 Chestnut Street, Continental Hotel, and Girard House, where Tickets may be procured to all important points in Pennsylvania, as well as the West, North-west, and South-west; and full particulars given as to time and connections, by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

The Ticket Office at West Philadelphia will be continued as heretofore, where all information respecting routes, as well as Tickets, can be had on application to THOMAS H. PARKE,
Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.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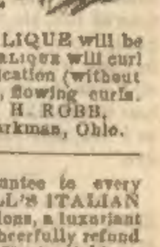

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mar24-13t Parkman, Ohio.

WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 29, Albany, N. Y.
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HERE IT IS!—Full instructions by which a person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cts. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address FRANKLIN & JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. ap14-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Peddler's Story.

Rev. Mr. Harris is well known as a Methodist itinerant of Indiana, as much distinguished for his facetiousness as he is for his fine abilities as a preacher. He tells the following on himself:

In 1836 I was travelling on the C——— Circuit. I had twenty-four appointments to fill every four weeks, and of course had a great many long horseback rides. On one occasion I fell in company with an intelligent gentleman from Kentucky on the main state road, and we travelled several miles together, when a rainstorm drove us to a cabin by the roadside. The family had dinner on the table when we entered, and we were kindly asked "to sit up and eat a bite with them," which of course we did, thinking at the same time the family was very clever to total strangers. But after a little, when the ice was broken and each one at the table seemed to be doing full justice to the occasion, the gentleman of the cabin remarked, with a smile, that he had never heard Mr. Harris preach but *three* times, and if Mr. Harris wouldn't be offended at him he would tell the whole story.

"Go ahead! go ahead!" said Mr. Harris.

"Well," said the landlord of the cabin, "the first time was at S———, on Sunday afternoon, and his text was, 'For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.' The second time was at Camp Creek, one night, and his text was, 'For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.' The third time I heard him was in M. I had gone in for a new recruit of *clocks*—for you must know I'm a clock-peddler—and going to the Methodist church on Sunday night, who should get up to preach but Mr. Harris, and he took for his text, 'For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges!'"

As the clock-peddler finished, the table was convulsed; and I, added Mr. Harris, knowing well he was joking on facts, was about to choke on a big potato—but didn't.

Boston in the Olden Time.

A hundred years ago, on account of political disturbances, certain municipal regulations were made, conducive to the better order of the town. Among them was an order to "arrest all negroes found out after dark without a lantern." Soon after it happened that an old colored man was picked up, the record says, "prowling about in total darkness." When examined by the magistrate the following day, he replied to the query, "Are you guilty?" "No, sah! I has de lantern," holding up before the astonished court an old one with neither oil nor candle in it. He was discharged, and the law amended so as to read "a lantern *with a candle*." Old Tony, not long after, was arrested a second time, on the same complaint, and again pleaded "not guilty," producing the lantern with a candle. The wick, however, had never been discolored by a flame. The shrewd darkey was again discharged, with a reprimand, and the law was still again amended so as to require "a lantern with a *lighted* candle." Old Tony never troubled the watch any more. He was overheard saying, "Massa got too much light on de subjec'."

An English traveller, coming over about this time to see what kind of a place these colonies might be, says of Boston: "The buildings, like their women, are neat and handsome, and their streets, like the hearts of their men, are paved with pebbles. They have four churches built with clapboards and shingles, and supplied with four ministers—one a scholar, one a gentleman, one a dunce and one a clown. The captain of a ship met his wife on the street, after a long voyage, and kissed her, for which he was fined ten shillings. What happiness, thought I, do we enjoy in Old England, where we can not only kiss our wives, but other men's, without danger of penalty."

A Poser.—Rev. Mr. E———, a gentleman of fervent piety and commendable modesty, made an afternoon call in a family which consisted of a bright and beautiful girl of five summers, and another of some nine or ten weeks. The stately divine was ushered into the parlor, where he found three ladies and the children. In such company he could do no less than to relax his dignity to the extent of saying a few words to the elder daughter. So he went on thus:—"Well, Ellen, you've now got a little sister! I think I shall take her home with me; I suppose you will interpose no objection?" No answer but a surly look met this proposition. "You don't want your little sister; you don't love her, so I think I shall take her; I may, mayn't I, Ellen?" "Yes," said Ellen, with a scornful and incredulous look; "you may take her; but you don't think you can *wear* her, do you?"

Her Character.—At a large fire in Boston, the firemen succeeded in rescuing a trunk belonging to a domestic named Kitty Quadd. Kitty was very much delighted that her trunk had been found. "It's not the value of me clothing, sir, but it's me character that's there," and hurrying her hand into the pocket of an old dress, as she lifted it from the trunk, she drew forth a dirty piece of paper with much apparent satisfaction. "This is it, an' sure enough it's safe, it is, and it's yerself that shall read it, too, for yer kindness," said she. The paper was unfolded, and read as follows:—"This certifies that Kitty Quadd is a good domestic, capable of doing all kinds of work, but she will get drunk when opportunity offers.—Mrs. Smith."

The Difference.—Two lawyers in a county court—one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some altercation about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent:—"A person at your time of life, sir," looking at the barrister's gray head, "ought to have a long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "you may stare at my gray hair if you like. My hair will be gray as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye."

Stonewall Jackson's Only Joke.—Mr. John Esten Cooke, in his newly published biography, says that Stonewall Jackson never made but one practical joke in his life. This was when he was a professor at Lexington, Va., and consisted in asking his class why it was impossible to send a telegraphic dispatch from Lexington to Staunton? Some pupils suggested that the iron ore in the mountains drew the iron ore from the wires, and others proposed other theories, but it was some time before any cadet was brilliant enough to remark that there was no telegraph line between the two places.

IMP-ERTINENT.

Stout Gent (naturally suspicious of the street boy).—"Get out o' my way, you young rascal!"
Street Boy.—"Vich way round you, gov'nour?"

The New Tax Bill.

For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.

For kissing a very homely one, two dollars, the extra amount being added probably for the man's folly.

For ladies kissing one another, two dollars. The tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M. Ca. as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation, ten cents.

Every young man who has more than one girl is taxed five dollars.

For courting in the kitchen, twenty-five cents.

Courting in the parlor, one dollar.

Courting in a romantic place, five dollars, and fifty cents for each offence thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, twenty-five cents.

Seeing a lady home from the Dime Society, five cents, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

For ladies who paint, fifty cents.

For wearing a low-necked dress, one dollar.

For each curl on a lady's head, above ten, five cents.

For any unfair device for entrapping young men into matrimony, five dollars.

For wearing hoops larger than eight feet in circumference, eight cents for each hoop.

Old bachelors over thirty are taxed ten dollars and sentenced to banishment to Utah.

Each pretty lady to be taxed from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Each boy baby, fifty cents.

Each girl baby, ten cents.

Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed, and for twins a premium of forty dollars will be paid out of the funds accruing from the tax on old bachelors.

Each Sunday loafer on the street corners or about church doors to be taxed his value, which is about two cents.

☞ It is a curious fact that the more cheek a man has, the less he blushes.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our Agricultural Report.

We have lately taken a rural run round—a sort of independent agricultural excursion—among farmers and market gardeners, and beg leave to present prospects from a point of personal observation.

Down the "Neck"—the prime source of Philadelphia's early vegetable supplies—truck men are everywhere busy as ants, ploughing, fertilizing, planting, transplanting, digging, draining, and bringing into cultivation a wider area of land than has hitherto been utilized; consequently—the season being propitious—a more abundant supply, and wider range of choice for city consumers.

Over across the Delaware—up and down, ten miles either way from the city—back from the shore to an equal distance, we found our Jersey neighbors active, industrious and energetic, truckmen turning up and taking in new surfaces, farmers slashing around wide awake, clearing up, cleaning out, reclaiming lost land long given over to utter idleness.

Out west, over north-west, up north, on our Keystone side, we found universal activity the rule with both farmers and market gardeners, a greater breadth under, or being prepared for cultivation than has hitherto been the case—grass coming out bravely and cows beginning to go out to feed, stock of all kinds in prime condition, wheat, in all directions, looking a hundred per cent. better than most people expected to see it after all the severe freezing it has passed through. A great many potatoes are in the ground and getting out vigorously—"Monitors" having the lead; peas are up looking for sticks; cabbages acre upon acre are a field, and coming on for early consumption, and although the universal complaint is:—"Spring is slow this year," the prospects are, that with ordinary propitious weather from this date forward, farmers and gardeners will have the present season an abundant harvest, and citizens an unusual supply of all good things grown from, or the produce indirectly of the soil.

Fruit Prospects.

Beginning some six weeks since there has been kept up a constant cry of:—"No fruit this year—or very nearly; flower buds all killed, or very nearly, by the sharp January nips of Jack Frost."

We are not going to answer for the country at large, but from the general tenor of letters lately received from numerous agricultural correspondents, and our own observation in this region of country, the inference is, that there has been the usual amount of hallooing before getting out of the woods—a premature fruit panic in excess of demand.

Though the season is pretty generally in all this locality about ten days to two weeks behindhand, flowers and flower buds are either out or pushing out rapidly on all sorts of fruit trees, both large and small; not so abundant certainly as we have seen them in several past fruit seasons, but plenteous enough for the production of a generous crop, provided no vicissitudes come in to kill, between this and maturing time. Apples, pears, peaches, and plums are all blossoming or going to blossom reasonably full, and usually healthy this year, in all this region of country; all the small fruits are coming forward with fair promises of much liberality, and in several instances we have seen apple orchards that last year gave not even a flowery promise, beginning to put on minute pink tints, indicating general bloom.

In several instances we have seen on light soils, strawberry beds seriously depopulated by freezing and thawing out the plants, killing them and leaving unsightly, bare, unprofitable patches. That condition ought to be suggestive of thorough mulching with some fine material that will lie snug around the plants, and liberally littering to fence out frost.

On the whole, the probability is that we shall have something more than our usual summer and fall supply of fruit.

The Plum Curculio.

Several years since there was published in the Saturday Evening Post, the experiments of a gentleman in Jersey, in effectually "heading off" the plum pest and securing a prodigious crop of delicious plums, by the erection near the trees of what he called "altars," whereon blazing fires were lighted in the evening and early morning during the flight season of the curculio moth, the result being the destruction of millions of moths by fire, and a more bountiful crop of unpierced plums than had ever been produced in the neighborhood.

Yesterday, in conversation with Samuel Morton, Esq., of Branchtown, he informed us that acting upon the information given by the gentleman from New Jersey, he also lighted his altar fires under his plum trees, singed the curculio pests out of existence by millions, and secured such a crop of capital plums as he had never grown before. But, perhaps from aversion to taking even insect life, the practice was discontinued, and *circulio* again became master of the situation. We know of five other cases of similar practice—every one a success, where the experimenters content with one great victory, discontinued the war, leaving the field to the enemy.

Rinderpest.

At length the mysterious pest is dying out from exhaustion, as did its great human prototype that so nearly depopulated London. Dying a natural death, after defying all human control, decimating England's horned stock, and in many districts sweeping away whole herds, in the total making its victims millions. In a few months the Rinderpest will be dead in England, and then if our authorities will only do their duty faithfully, excluding every hide, horn and hoof that has ever belonged to a British bovine, for a period of eighteen months, we may drift clear of the pest this time.

Those Pork Parasites.

Prof. John C. Dalton and Dr. Thomas Haigh, both of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, both as reliable authority as this country, or perhaps any other, affords—the professor in a printed and illustrated essay, and the doctor in a communication to the American Agriculturalist, have told the public at a great deal greater length, and more circumstantially, precisely what we said in a brief paragraph or two several weeks since, in The Post, in relation to the pork parasites (*Trichina spiralis*), declaring the presence of the pests not only in hogs, but in humanity, deciding that cold smoking, or ordinary boiling, roasting or frying, does not kill the Trichina, and concluding with this caution:

"As a precaution, all who eat pork in *any form* should take especial care that it is *thoroughly* cooked. The only positive security is to abstain from pork altogether."

That is also the decision of the *Journal of Science* for March, the British Association, and other reliable authorities. Sorry, very. We clung to the hope that our investigations were mistakes—our favorite pig will have to go out. Nevertheless, millions will go on eating pork as mad men drink rum—would if they knew it brought death in a week—in a day, *might* frighten them.

Gathered Grains.

Cotton or corn is the question in Illinois the present season. Cotton, it is conceded, will have the wider field. Well, there is room, and good corn land enough outside of Illinois.

——Some of our agricultural friends are advising farmers to grow *Chiccory* as a good substitute for coffee. We advise them to raise corn and buy *good* coffee. It is the cheapest way, with corn at 60 cents a bushel, and one gets *Coffee* that way. The other, we have only *Chiccory*, a very poor substitute and perfect pest in the ground.

——Editor Turner, of the *American Farmer*, advises sulphur, well dusted into the plumage of fowls, as an effectual lice kill-all. So do we. Have tried and seen it tried threescore times—always with success.

——For general use in all kitchen gardens, no other fertilizer is so convenient, economical and effective as pure *flour of bone*. You can put it where you please, and it will bring out what you want in the best possible condition.

——Plant peppers and radishes in among the late cucumbers put in for pickles. The association is suitable, and if they don't fight off bugs and wire worms as intended, all the plants will be benefited otherwise by the companionship.

——Vermont has had an unusually long drawn out maple sugar season, and Vermonters have well improved it. They will have several hundred thousand pounds of sugar, and many hogsheads of maple molasses to spare to sweeten other people. Molasses $1 20 per gallon—sugar in proportion. Sweeter and better than imported sweet. *Viva Monte Verde.*

——The cattle plague in England is acting very much as the devils did that we read of in the Bible—cast out of their human habitation, they took to the pigs, and the whole herd running down a steep place into the sea were drowned. There was an end of that lot of pork. Pity the devils had not perished too.

Now the plague demon in England, having exhausted the horned stock, is taking to the sheep. Out of about twenty flocks alone, 8,948 sheep have already fallen victims to the *Rinderpest*.

RECEIPTS.

Soup.—An excellent clear soup can be made with scraps and bones of game or of poultry, boiled down with a little bacon, vegetables such as carrots, onions, leaks, turnips, tomatoes, celery, parsley, &c., and spices and sweet herbs cunningly proportioned. When the whole is well boiled, strain and clear it, then serve either plain or with maccaroni, or bread sippets. If the soup be made of game, the addition of a glass of sherry is an improvement.

Those who, in time of abstinence would have soup guiltless of animal matter, may try the following, which is considered a good dinner by South Italian peasants:—Soak a few hours, then boil some beans; when half done, throw the water away and replace it by fresh hot water, put in a few pods of garlic, some pepper and salt, a head or two of celery cut in pieces, and three or four tablespoonsful of fine salad oil. When the beans are thoroughly done add a little minced parsley, and pour the soup over slices of bread or small "paste" previously boiled.

A more refined form of the above consists in passing the beans and celery through a sieve, and then adding the oil, serving the "purée" thus obtained over small pieces of toast; or butter may be used instead of oil, but in that case the soup ceases to be devoid of animal matter.

Asparagus Omelet.—Boil a dozen of the largest and finest asparagus heads you can pick; cut off all the green portion, and chop it in thin slices; season with a small teaspoonful of salt, and a little cayenne. Then beat up six eggs in sufficient quantity of new milk to make a stiff-ish batter. Melt in the frying-pan a quarter of a pound of good, clean dripping, and just before you pour on the batter place a small piece of butter in the centre of the pan. When the dripping is *quite hot*, pour on *half* your batter, and as it begins to set place on it the asparagus tops, and cover over with the remainder. This omelet is generally served on a round of buttered toast, with the crusts removed. The original receipt from which this is taken says, make the batter with *cream*, and fry the omelet entirely in fresh butter.

Meat Pies.—The great fault in all meat pies is, that the meat is tough, from the pie-crust being browned before the meat is thoroughly cooked. To obviate this it should be a general rule that all meat intended for pies should be previously cooked. The meat should be cut into small pieces, rolled in flour, sprinkled with pepper and salt, or any other seasoning desired, and put into a jar with sufficient water to cover it. The jar should then be either placed in the oven, or in a saucepan containing water, and the meat should simmer until tender. By so doing, not only is the freshness of the meat insured, but toughness is obviated. The time required for baking the pie-crust is also considerably shortened. A plain suet-crust is the best for family pies when eaten hot.

Azumea Biscuit.—One quart of flour; three teaspoonsful of Azumea; one heaping tablespoonful of butter or lard; rub the shortening into the flour; then add the Azumea, and mix well together; dissolve a little salt in enough cold water or sweet milk (a coffee-cupful is about the quantity required) to make a dough as soft as can be conveniently handled; flour the hands, and make it into round smooth balls, or roll out and cut; place them in a greased pan, and immediately bake.

Azumea Lemon Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour and four teaspoonsful of Azumea sifted together; one pound of sugar and six ounces of butter beaten to a cream; the whites of eight eggs well beaten, and the juice of one lemon; mix with milk.

To Take Stains out of Marble.—One gall, one wine-glass of soap-lees, half a wine-glass of turpentine. This mixture must be made into a paste with a little pipe-clay; spread the marble with this, which should not be removed for a few days; and if, on wiping it off, the object is not effected, a second application will generally be sufficient.

To Clean Steel and Iron.—One ounce of soft-soap, two ounces of emery, made into a paste; then rub the article for cleaning with wash-leather, and it will give a brilliant polish.

To Clean Brass Ornaments.—Wash the brass work with roche alum boiled to a strong lye, in the proportion of an ounce to a pint. When dry, it must be rubbed with fine tripoli.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 5, 7, 10, is a valuable article.
My 6, 2, 1, is a verb.
My 7, 5, 9, 9, 2, 4, is a girl's name.
My 11, 4, 6, is an affirmative answer.
My 3, 2, 9, 10, is a pronoun.
My 8, 9, 4, is a number.
My 8, 9, 2, 8, 9, is a vegetable.
My whole is a true adage. C. M. B.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the midst of the heavens I began to arise,
Nor stopt but in space far beyond the blue skies;
Neither lingered I there for a moment of time,
But in an instant hastened back to this more genial clime.

No'er since that wild freak have I wandered from earth,
Tho' I'm never found mingling in her joy and her mirth.
Still I'm never in sorrow, yet always in pain;
And I seek after happiness and pleasure in vain.

I was born first with Adam, tho' in his abode—
Blest Eden—I ne'er was permitted to tread.
I am called, in the annals of fame, great and grand;
Still I years was in fall ere I came to this land.

I have traversed alone the shadowy heath.
Described by "Bunyan" as "the valley of death."
Ages shall roll, and worlds fade away,
Still in bleak, dismal darkness is my doom fixed for *aye*.

Steeles, Ind. JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a place of amusement.
My second is a fastening.
My third means an addition.
My whole is the name of a picturesque and handsome southern city. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Geographical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What point on the globe shall we start from so that by travelling due South 50 miles, then due West 50, and finally 50 miles due North, we shall come back to the place of starting?
COSMO.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

James, Thomas, and Charles are equally skilled in throwing a die with two faces, one white, the other black; whoever brings up the white face first is to be entitled to $12. Required—the value of each person's expectation.
JAMES M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A money-lender has two notes against a merchant, both given on the same day. One is for $882.70, payable 7 years hence, without interest if paid at the time specified in the note; if not paid till after that time, interest will be charged, 6 per cent. per annum *simple interest*; but if paid before that time, discount will be allowed at the same rate. The other note is for $600, payable 2 years hence, without interest if paid at the end of the two years; if not paid then, *compound* interest will be charged on it at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum; but if paid before the stipulated time, discount will be allowed at the same rate. The merchant wishes to discharge the whole of this debt by making one payment, and desires to make it at such a time that he will just have to pay the sum for which the notes were given. In what length of time from the day the notes were given must he make the payment? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a husband like a Mississippi steamboat? Ans.—Because he never knows when he may get a blowing up.

☞ Why is a short prince not a short prince? Ans.—Because he is always a highness.

☞ Why is a nabob like a beggar? Ans.—Because he's an Indy-gent.

☞ What is the dentist's sure crop? Ans.—Sore-ghum.

☞ What is the only pain we can make light of? Ans.—A window-pane.

☞ When is a young gentleman finishing his toilet like a restless young pig? Ans.—When he tumbles about his tie (sty.)

☞ When is a wave like an army doctor? Ans.—When it is a surgin.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Be sure you are right, then go ahead. CHARADE—Rainbow (rain—bow.) DOUBLE REBUS—Earth and water (Eutaw—Anna—regnant—Taylorsville—Hooker.)

Answer to Reuben Barto's PROBLEM of Jan. 20th—The heavy body will overtake the other in 3,99909 seconds at a point 142.753740-0148 feet above the surface of the earth. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to TIDE PROBLEM by J. M. Greenwood, Feb. 10th—4 hours 10 minutes. P. M. J. M. Greenwood.

☞ "If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow," said Jerrold, "the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event!"